ΗΣΥΧΙΑ ΧΡΙΣΤΙΑΝΟΥ,

OR

A *CHRISTIAN'S* ACQUIESCENCE

In all the Products of

DIVINE PROVIDENCE:

Opened

In a *Sermon*, Preached at *Cottesbrook* in *Northampton-Shire* April the 16. 1664.

At the Interment of the Right Honourable, and eminently Pious Lady, the Lady *ELIZABETH LANGHAM* Wife to Sir *JAMES LANGHAM* Kt.

By *Simon Ford* B. D. and Minister of Gods Word in *Northampton.*

Salv. de Gub. Dei L. 1.

Religiosi hoc cunctis beatiores sunt, quia & habent quæ volunt, & meliora quam quæ habent, omnino habere non possunt. At turpia atque obscœna sectantes, etsi juxta opinionem suam beati sunt, quia adipiscuntur quod volunt, re, tamen ipsa beati non sunt, quia quod volunt, nolle debuerant.

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ELIZABETHA Ferdinandi & Lucia Comitum Huntingdonia
Filia Ja Langham Eq. Aur. Amor & Desiderium.

Imprimatur.

Tho. Grigg R. P. D. Humfr. Ep. Lond. a ſac. dom.

Ex Æd. *Lond.*
Oct. 15. 1664.

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

Sir JAMES LANGHAM

KNIGT.

Honoured *Sir*,

I Have at length ſurrendred into your hands to diſpoſe of at your pleaſure, the *Sermon* and *Narrative*, which you have long called for (to uſe *Quintilians* phraſe) *quotidiano convitio*, with an importunity reflecting a continual reproach upon my *ſlow diſpatch*: which (though I confeſs it hath with-

all ſomething *of natural* in it, yet) principally owns it ſelf to a *deſire* I had (wherein I knew alſo I correſponded with *yours*) that the *Character* of your *dear Lady* might be perfected by all poſſible acceſſions of *Intelligence* for the view of *Poſterity* to which I underſtood you deſigned it. For although it requires not much accurateneſs (as the *Philoſopher* ſaies) *ſcribere in Diem*; yet *æternitati pingere*, to raiſe a Monument for *Ages* had need be a work of ſome *Time*. I know not, nor ſhall I much concern my ſelf in the *future Fate* of my mean *ſcribles*; Had I the confidence to think, they have any thing of that *Genius* which the *Poet* ſaies, gives *eternity* to mens *Writings*, I aſſure you I would willingly contribute the utmoſt

Sen. de Tranq.

Virturum Genium debet habere liber.

utmoſt of it to *Embalm* the *memory* of a *Perſonage* ſo worthy to live in the *remembrance* of *lateſt Poſterity*: but having much more reaſon to fear they will prove but *ſhort-lived*, I doubt, when I have done my utmoſt, I ſhall only prove guilty of *hindering* her of the *ſervice* ſome *better pen* might have *done* her.

Indeed, ſhe was ſo *excellent a Piece* as required the *Pencil* of the moſt *exact Apelles* living to *expreſs* her to the *Life*: it being impoſſible to conceive, much leſs to delineate her rare perfections, without wronging them, by any *Idea*, but that of a moſt *compleat vertue*. She was *one*, that might be thought to have been born on purpoſe for the *Correction* of the *Age* ſhe lived in:

but that theſe *two* things ſeem to argue the contrary; the *one* that ſhe her ſelf *ſtudied* ſo much to *hide* her ſelf from its *Notice*; and the *other*, that ſhe *dyed* ſo *early*, as not to allow it the *advantage* of making a full improvement of her *example*.

But why do I preſume to inform you, who too well underſtand it, how to *rate* your own *Loſs*, and teach your *grief* how *much* it hath to *plead* for the *juſtification* of its *exceſſes*? I wiſh, rather, that it were within my power to contribute any thing of *aid* to that *Reaſon*, and *Grace*, which (althongh you are much *Maſter* of them *both* at all *other times*, yet) I fear, in *this Conflict*, may be engaged in an *unequal encounter*. I know the

juſt

juſt ſtandard of all *Grief* is judged to be its *Commenſurateneſs* to the *Cauſe*,

——*Flagratior æquo*
Non debet dolor eſſe viri, nec vulnere major. *Juv. ſat.* 13.

and I confeſs, I could allow *yours*, by that *proportion*, ſomething of *extraordinary*, even the *utmoſt* of what *Religion* will indulge to the very *infirmities* of *mortality* under the *greateſt* of *Creature-Loſſes*. But I deſire you, withall, to remember, that it will not be ſafe to give the *juſteſt Affection* the Temptation of its *utmoſt Liberty*, in which the *facility of exceeding* may entice it *beyond its bounds*. I hope, you will take heed that you be not found *inter exempla eorum quos dolor vicit* (as the proud *Stoick* (for all his profeſſed *Apathy*) complains *Sen. Epiſt.* 63.

of himſelf) an *Inſtance* of *the Conqueſts of ſorrow:* but rather (as *Tertullian* ſaies of *Job*) of the number of thoſe who do, *Dei Feretrum de Diabolo extruere*, by a magnanimous *Patience* furniſh *Gods Triumphs* over the *Tempter*, who is never in more likelihood of obtaining a *Victory*, than when he can draw in our *Reaſon* (as he did *Jonah*'s *Jonah* 4. 9.) to undertake the *Patronage* of our *Paſſions*.

Tertul. de Pat.

I know, you look upon your ſelf as obliged to be a *true mourner* for ſo *deſerving a Wife*, becauſe you were a *true Lover* of her: and you cannot but *ſend* now and then a *deep ſigh after her*, as *tokens* of your continued *affection* to her. In this reſpect, let me beſpeak you as St. *Auſtin* doth *Carnelius*; I *think* it

Mittamus dona ſpiritualia conjugi tuæ, tu imitationem, & ego laudem. Aug. Cornel.

it meet, ſaith he, *that both you and I ſend tokens indeed, but ſpiritual ones, of our affection to your deceaſed Lady; on your part Imitation; on mine, Commendation.* Thus He. Yea, rather, (ſay I) let both you, and I, (Sir) join *both* theſe *together*, in reference to *yours*; both *commend* her vertues, and *imitate* them; yea moſt really *commend* them, by *imitating* them.

To which purpoſe, I deſire (for *her ſake*, as being conſcious that nothing but *her name* can entitle it to ſuch an Honour) that this *ſmall labour* of mine may be admitted into your *Cloſet*; wherein, if the *Narrative* do you the unkindneſs now and then to *renew* your *Tears*, I hope the *Sermon* ſo near it, may contribute towards the *drying* them.

them again: and let them *both* teſtifie, how willing *I* am to endeavour ſomething at leaſt (though I am ſenſible how little I have *effected* therein) which may witneſs to times to come how much I am,

Honoured Sir,

Northampton *Octob.* 20. 1664. Your moſt affectionate *Servant* in the *work* of the *Lord Jeſus.*

Simon Ford.

To

TO THE
MOST HONOURABLE
The Lady
LUCY
Counteſs of *HUNTINGDON*,
And
HENRY Lord *LOUGHBROUGH*
His *Majeſties Lieutenant* of
the County of *Leiceſter*.

All increaſe of *Honour* and *Happineſs*.

THis Sermon *and* Narrative (*Right* Honourable) *which I here preſent you withal, though they mainly impute the adventure of their* pub-

publication *to the importunate* Affection *of a dear* Husband *to his deceaſed* Ladies *memory, yet I dare not altogether acquit my* ſelf *of the* guilt *thereof*; *at leaſt ſo far, as the* eaſineſs of conſent *will render me* criminal. *For, I muſt confeſs, that I was apt to* bite *with ſome* greedineſs *at the* Occaſion *thereby offered me, of giving the world a publick Teſtimony of the honour I owe to* both *the* Families *to which this Excellent* Perſonage *concerned in them ſtood Related*; *both that* whence *ſhe was* Deſcended, *and* that, *whereinto ſhe was by marriage* Engrafted.

And being thus, betwixt importunity *and* inclination, *prevailed withal to* run this riſque *I hope, I have in the* reaſons *both, given a* general *account*

t

the fitneſs of my entituling you *to the* Patronage *of them.*

But withal (Right Honourable) *there is ſomething alſo of* peculiar *in the* claim *which on your* Honours *behalf may be made unto them.*

For you (Madam) *as you bleſſed the world with the* Subject *of the* Narrative *from your* Womb: *ſo, you furniſhed me alſo with the* Argument *of the* Sermon *from your* mouth, *in a* Text, *which* (*among* other expreſſions *ſavouring of a* well ſeaſoned ſpirit) *dropped from your lips at the arrival of the ſad* tidings *of your dear* Daughters departure. *And I the rather choſe to make it the* Subject *of my* Diſcourſe *upon that ſad* Occaſion, *becauſe your noble* Example *in the often practiſe of the*

the Lesson *contained in it, accommodated me with a notable* Instance *of its* practicableness: *it being a great advantage to the ingratiating of any* Duty, *when we can by some* great example, *deliver it* (*as* Seneca *speaks in another case*) *from the* suspicion *of being* impossible.

Q. sextius habet quod & ostendat sibi beatæ vitæ magnitudinem, & desperationem ejus non faciet, Ep. 64.

I have formerly *admired at the* Temper *of that noble and learned Roman Lady,* Cornelia *the Daughter of the great* Scipio, *and Mother of the* Gracchi, *of whom* Tully *reports, that when she had lost her Son* Caius, *a very hopeful* Gentleman, *in his very* prime, *and in him, her* twelfth Child, *she brake out into this gallant Expression,* that she would nevertheless alwaies esteem her self an happy woman, in that she had had the honour

Nunquam ego me felicem non dixerim, quæ Gracchos peperim. Cicero de Consol.

honour to be the Mother of ſuch Children. *But I have of* late *learned to* leſſen *this* wonder, *having ſeen her herein* out-ſhined *by* one *no leſs* noble *and* learned *than* ſhe, *and that is* your ſelf; *who, in much a* parallel *caſe, have demeaned your ſelf with a far* greater, *becauſe a truly* Chriſtian, Fortitude.

And indeed (Madam) *if ever any* Mother *had reaſon to take* Comfort *from ſuch a* Conſideration, *you have, in that though you have* ſurvived *divers of your* Children, *yet have you withal had the* happineſs *to ſee them all* ſignally vertuous *even beyond their* years, *and conſequently, alſo the* Argument *of an ample* Aſſurance *of their* eternal felicity, *in their early* maturity *and* fitneſs *for it.*

In

In which reſpect, how can it indeed be other than an infinite ſatisfaction to you, that in ſending ſo many Children to the place of happineſs before you, you are (as it were) glorified by piece meal: *and inſtead of* planting Families *from your bowels* on earth, *have contributed towards the* planting *of* Colonies *in* Heaven; *inſtead of recruiting the* Forces *of the* Church Militant, *have furniſhed the* Trophies *of the* Church Triumphant, *and (according to the judgment of ſome Divines of Note) ſupplied the vacant ſeats of ſo many of the* Apoſtate Angels *with* Saints *deſcendant from you?*

The uſual diſtaſts *taken at this kind of* Providence, (*whether from the uncomely* ὕστερον πρότερον, *it is thought to make in* nature,

nature, *which ſeems (according to the* Proverb*) to deſign the* wearing out of the eldeſt firſt; *or from the* diſappointment *of the* common expectation, *that our* liberi *ſhall be* poſteri, *our* Children *live to* ſhut *our* eies *and receive our* laſt breath, *and dying* commands, *and keep up our* Names, *and inherit our* Eſtates *and* Honours *when we are gone*; *(a kind of* ſupplemental *and* ſubſidiary immortality *which* propagation *in all* ſpecies *of* Creatures *ſeems to aim at, and (in a ſort)* promiſe *as part of* amends *for the* Death *of* Individuals) *and whatever it is of the like nature which heightens* vulgar paſſions) *are all ſuch low and pitiful* excuſes *of* impatience, *and implicite* blaſphemies *againſt the great* Soveraign *of*

the World; *that I cannot ſuſpect the* Heroical *generoſity of* your ſpirit, *needs the aſſiſtance of any* Conſiderations (*which yet both Morality and Chriſtianity afford in great plenty*) *to be ſuggeſted by me for the* removal *of them. For you have made it ſufficiently evident to all that know you, that you are a perſon who do* (*as the* Philoſopher *ſaith*) fortius amare, *love your deareſt temporal comforts more* valiantly *than ſo*; *as experimenting the* ſweet *only and not the* ſoft *impreſſions of that moſt powerful* Affection.

And therefore (*without enlarging this* Epiſtle *into* another Lecture *of* Chriſtian ſubmiſſion *to, and* Acquieſcence in Divine Providence) *I only tender that of the following* Sermon *to your hands,*

hands, not ſo much in the nature of a Perſwaſive *to your* Duty, *as the* Product *of your* Example.

And you (My Lord) *by the dear affection which you have born to all the* ſurviving Branches *of that* Noble Family, *and to this excellent* Lady *in particular, ever ſince the deceaſe of your noble* Brother *and their* Father *the late* Earl of Huntingdon, *have rendred your ſelf ſo much more than an* Uncle to them, *that I fear I had not done you* right, *had I not given your Name the very place that the* Natural Father's, *had he lived, might have claimed in this* Dedication.

And I am withal the more hardened *to this* adventure, *(which otherwiſe the* little acquaintance *I have with* your

Lordſhip *might render* preſumptuous) *by the remembrance that when* your Lordſhip *rendred your ſelf the* principal attendant *of theſe ſacred* Reliques *to their* Dormitory (*though the great haſt of your affairs then enforced you to call for the* Sermon *before the day appointed, and neceſſitated the delivery of it with ſome* diſadvantage *by the* ſurprize; *yet*) *your goodneſs was pleaſed to give an ample teſtimony of your* acceptance *of my* endeavours *therein, as having not only in ſome proportion diſcharged my* Duty *to the* Living, *but alſo done ſomething of* Juſtice *to the* Dead. *And therefore, I hope, that what was then honoured with your* acceptance, *when* (*in that* diſcompoſure) *it had no higher* ambition

than

than to obtain your pardon, *may now, having gained by a review ſomething of more* orderly compoſure (*though it yet fall much* beneath *the excellency of the* Subject) *aſpire to your* Patronage *alſo.*

To conclude, I ſhall eaſe both your Honours *of the trouble this* tedious Epiſtle *hath given you, when I have offered up a* ſhort Prayer *on the behalf of all the* ſurviving Relations *of this* excellent Lady; *viz.* That *God* will enable them by his *Grace* to improve this ſad Providence to their *utmoſt advantage*, which will be *beſt* done by copying out her *Vertues* in their own *practiſe*; conſidering, That *Domeſtical examples of eminent Goodneſs*, as they reflect an honourable luſtre upon the *Families*

milies from which they are *extracted*, (*Saints* adding a greater glory to any Pedigree than *Princes*) ſo ought they, into them eſpecially who are neareſt of Relation, to *inſinuate* the moſt ardent and affectionate deſires of *Imitation*: as *thoſe*, which through proximity of *bloud*, have the aſſiſtance of ſomething *of natural* to endear them to the *Affections*; the *help* of frequent and familiar *converſe* to imprint them in the *memory*; and laſtly, the *Evidence* gathered from conſtant obſervation, to juſtifie to the *Judgment* the *reality* of that *Beauty* which appears in them in all Dreſſes, againſt the *ſuſpicions of Auxiliary tinctures*, wherewith our *uncharitableneſs* uſually burdens the moſt reſplendent

ſplendent vertues of thoſe that are meer *Strangers* to us.

And, *for a cloſe*, may the *God of all Grace* ſo bleſs them with an increaſe of all *gracious qualities*, that they may all riſe up into the like reputation of *ſingular Inſtances* and Examples of Chriſtian Perfection with *Her* that is gone before them; and yet manage their growth ſo thriftily *for us*, that by a *precocious maturity*, they may not precipitate their *removal from us*; that this *profligate Age* may be the longer bleſſed with ſuch living *Convictions* and *Reproofs* of its *deſperate viciouſneſs*; and *themſelves* enjoy the more ample opportunity of advancing the *Comfort* of their *Friends*, and their *own Reward*.

Theſe

Theſe Requeſts, *as there is none who* prefers *them on your behalf with more* zealous affection, *ſo, I dare confidently affirm, there is none that ſhall find himſelf more obliged to be* thankful *for the* Anſwer *of them, than*

(Right Honourable)

Your moſt *humble ſervant*

in the work of the

Northampton, *Oct.* 20. 1664.

Lord Jeſus

Simon Ford.

ΗΣΥΧΙΑ ΧΡΙΣΤΙΑΝΟΥ

OR,

A *CHRISTIAN'S* ACQUIESCENCE

In all the Products of
DIVINE PROVIDENCE, &c.

Acts 21. 14.
And when he would not be perſwaded, we ceaſed, ſaying, The will of the Lord be done.

THis *Text*, as it relates to the *Hiſtory* whereof it is parcel, contains the *reception* given by the *Chriſtians* at *Cæſarea* to that *peremptory denial* which they received from St. *Paul* to their importunate *diſſwaſion* of him from going to *Jeruſalem*: where one *Agabus* a *Prophet* (the ſame in

The *Coherence* of the *Text*.

likelihood, whose true Prediction of a *Famine* in the daies of *Claudius Cæsar* is mentioned, *Acts* 11. 28.) had foretold, that he should run an hazard of his *Liberty* (at least) if not of his *Life* also, consequently; seeing so eminent a *Propagator* and *Propugner* of *Christianity* as he, being once in his Enemies hands, could not probably expect less from them, than *utmost extremities*. This *denial* you have recorded, *v.* 13. *He answered, what mean ye to weep and break my heart? for I am ready not only to be bound, but to die at* Jerusalem *for the name of the Lord Jesus*. His Answer speaks him *Man*, and *Christian*: As a *Man*, he shews himself *moved* with their *affections*; but as a *Christian* he declares himself not to be *removed* from his *Resolutions*; He hath an heart so much *flesh*, as to be affected tenderly with their *kindness*, but so much *flint*, or *steel* rather, as to receive no *impression* from their *Counsel*. For, the *first words* of my *Text* tell you, that *he would not be perswaded*. And therefore seeing he *would not*, the

Brethren

Brethren (as passionate as they were in their importunities) had *grace* enough to conquer *nature*, and *perswade themselves* to *cease* their *suit*: as apprehending an *intimation* of *Gods will* to the contrary of what they so earnestly desired, from the *impregnableness* of that *heart*, which they saw held out with so noble a *resolution* against the *batteries* of so many united *prayers* and *tears*. They are loath to contest any farther, where they see *God* and *Grace* of a *Party* against them; and therefore they *raise the siege*, *cease* their *sollicitations*, and unanimously say, *The will of the Lord be done.*

A brief *Descant* on the *Text.*

A *short Text*, beloved, but that which contains a long *Lesson*, to be studied and practised the longest *day* of your *lives*: an *easie Text*, but *comprehending* an *hard Task*, one of the *hardest* in all the compass of Christianity, *viz.* the most *high* and *heroical* duty of a *full*, *absolute and perpetual resignation of our selves, and all our concernments to the soveraign pleasure of Almighty God.*

Indeed, every word in the *Text* is *practically hard*, but one, and that is [*saying*] which is so easie that St. *Austin* told his people long since, that these Forms, *The Will of the Lord be done*, and let the *Lord do his pleasure, &c.* are *lingua popularis*, common discourse; wherefore he adviseth them to *learn to get this lesson by heart*, which every one was able to *say by rote*, and then they should find, *Doctrina salutaris*, an wholsom and saving Doctrine contained in it.

1. And *first*, χυρία, is an *hard word* to be cordially pronounced by sinful flesh and blood. Man in his lapsed estate is loath to own *any Lord over him*, *Psal.* 12. 4. what they conceit they *are*, *Jer.* 2. 31. every one *would fain be* αὐθέντης, a *Lord to himself*, independent even upon God himself, so as to *need to come no more at him*, as there the Phrase is. And that this *Lesson* is of no mean *difficulty*, appears, in that God near *eighty times* in the Scripture, tells men he will be at extraordinary pains to learn it them, (sometimes by mercies, and other-

discite habere in corde quod omnis homo habet in lingua. *Quod vult ut hoc agat.* Ipsa lingua popularis est verumq; sed doctrina salutaris. In *Ps.* 32.

otherwhiles by Judgments) in this common Phraſe, *Yee ſhall know that I am the Lord.*

2. Θέλημα, the *Will of this Lord*, is yet an *harder word* to be practically conned. Generally, men are enemies to *Arbitrary Power*, and *Government by will*, even in *God* himſelf. Let him rule by *known Laws*, and *Preſidents* only, (provided that withal he be reſponſible to the *High Court of humane Reaſon* for what he doth, and admit every mans particular *Reaſon* to be of the *Quorum*, and ſit as *Judge* in the *Court*) upon theſe conditions, it may be, he may be received as a *Titular Lord* among the Sons of Men. But ſo to own him as a *Lord*, as to leave him free to *do what he pleaſeth in Heaven and Earth, and in all deep places*, (even in *Hell* it ſelf) *Pſal.* 135. 6. to have all the world at his ſole beck, without ſuffering any one to *reply* againſt him, *Rom.* 9. 20. to have as abſolute an unaccountable power over all things as the *Potter hath over the clay*, *v.* 21. this is an *hard ſaying*, (as they ſay in another caſe

John. 6. 60.) and *who can* endure to *hear it?*

3. γενέσθω, *Let this* absolute *will be done*, is not one jot *easier* for mans heart to utter. γένοιτο, may possibly go down with us. *Gods will*, when it is *done*, and no man can *help it*, necessity will enforce men to swallow, after a Fashion: because it is in vain to attempt to *re-call yesterday*, to render *factum*, *infectum*; what *is done*, not to *have been done*. But Friends, this will not serve, there is more in this *word* than so. This γενέσθω, imports our free and voluntary Vote, both of *consent* when it is *to be done*, and of *approbation* and *applause* when it *is done*. Now surely, this is hard. To give God our *Fiat* beforehand, to the *doing* of that *will* of his, which it may be tends to the *undoing* of our selves: and to *subscribe* to it when *done*, as *done* to our *mindes*; yea, *so done*, as it could not be *better done*; and this not ἀναγκασῶς, *out of constraint*, but ἑκουσίως, *willingly*; not as a man bestowes his Goods upon the Waves in a Storm, ἔκων ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ, with an

an *unwilling will*, but as a man parts with his money for a good purchase; to *acquiesce*, as satisfied in it: not with a *canina patientia*, (as *Tertullian*, and *Bernard* call it) a *Doggs* patience, a *patience perforce*, but with a *patientia Christiana*, a true *Christian* patience, grounded upon *choice*; in this sence, γνώσω, (though *Englished* is *Greek* still to most men, and *non potest legi*, an *hard chapter*, and few can *read* it.

4. Lastly, Ἡσυχάσαμεν, *We ceased*, comes behind none of the rest for difficulty. To calme all our passions, and the expressions of them in whatever kind; and *be still*, (as God bids the *tumultuous World*, *Ps.* 46. 10. and *Christ* the *tempestuous Sea*, Mark 4. 39;) to *take up our Cross* cheerfully and make *no words* of it, how un-easie soever it sit; not to deprecate the least *circumstance* of that Providence which grates most close upon our *dearest Interests* and *Concernments*; and in *Thought*, *Speech*, and *Behaviour*, to shew that our spirits enjoy a *perfect calme*, not so

much as the least *wrinkle* of a *wave* remaining upon them; where is the man that will be perswaded, that this *Yoke is easie, and this Burthen light?* Mat. 11. 30.

And yet as *hard a Lesson* as this is, the *Disciples* in the *Text* had learned it; and, I hope, ere these Sands be spent, so will *You* too, at least, as to *your Judgments* and *Consciences*, (for God alone can disciple *Passions*,) so that *you* shall be convinced, that these Brethren *said well*, and *did better*; and therein confess, that you are bound to *say*, and *do so* too, ecchoing from your *hearts* and *lives* to every *providence* of God, Τὸ θέλημα τῦ κυρίυ γενέσθω, *The Will of the Lord be done.*

The *Parts* of the *Text.*

The *words* offer themselves to be handled in a *double* capacity.

{ 1. In the *Matter* } of them.
{ 2. In the *Form* }

First, The *Matter of them* is the *carriage* of these *Christians* of *Cæsaria* upon the *occasion* beforementioned; which farther may be sub-divided into

1. *Dictum*

I. *Dictum*, what they *said*, to wit, *The will of the Lord be done.*

II. *Factum*, What they *did* in conformity to this saying, they *Ceased*, that is, forbore to sollicit their sute any further.

Secondly, the *Form of them*; and that consists in the *Historical Relation* of *both* (by the appointment of *Gods Spirit*) from the Pen of St. *Luke*, who himself, (as appears by the *Relation* it self running in the Plural, *We ceased*,) was *pars magna*, had a great share in all the passages of this part of St. *Pauls Story.*

These two parts we will handle distinctly; beginning with

The first *Part* handled.

I. The *Matter*, or *substance* of the *Text*: wherein, *first* comes to hand,

I. The *Matter* of the *Text.*

1. The *Dictum*, What these Brethren *said*, *Fiat voluntas Domini. The Will of the Lord be done.* And this learns us this Observation,

1. Its *first Branch* the *Dictum.*

That, *When Gods revealed will and ours so clash and enterfere, that both of them cannot be done, it is a necessary piece of Christian duty*

1. Observation.

duty for us to vayle our wills to Gods.

Say not, this is *false Logick*, to infer a *general Rule* from a *particular Example*. For that is not a *particular example*, which though *particular* persons only be concerned in, yet bears a conformity with a *Principle universally owned by Christians*, and recorded as congruous to that Principle by the appointment of the *Holy Ghost*, for the imitation of others. These Brethrens *practise* was produced by this *Principle*; and therefore warrantably may this *Principle* be concluded from their *practise*.

Explained. To the more clear handling of this *Point*, it will be needful (according to the intimation given you therein,) to distinguish of *the will of God*, under the different considerations of *secret* and *revealed*. The *secret will* of God is a Rule, by which *he* alone acts: the *revealed will of God* is that that *we* are to manage our selves by: *Secret things belong* (only) *to God*; *but those things that are revealed, belong to us and to our children.* Deut.

Deut. 29. 29. The *ſecret will of God* therefore, *as*, and *whiles* it continues *locked up* in the Cabinet of his own breaſt, to which he alone keeps the *Key*, (upon that very account, becauſe we neither do, nor can know it,) obligeth not us farther, than as it ſtands in a *capacity to be revealed*; and in this capacity, it requires from us a *general*, *implicite*, *hypothetical*, and *diſpoſitive ſubmiſſion* onely, (*i.e.* an holy diſpoſition, inclination, and *purpoſe of heart* to *ſubmit* to it) whenever it ſhall *come to be ſignified*, and *revealed*. But the *will of God* once actually *revealed*, requires a *particular*, *expreſs*, *actual*, and *poſitive* ſubmiſſion of us. The *ſecret will* of God, whiles ſuch, may be lawfully *prayed againſt*, and *acted againſt*: otherwiſe, all *Prayers* muſt be *ſinful*, which God thinks *not fit to grant*, and all *courſes of humane providence unlawful*, which prove *unſucceſsful*; an aſſertion ſo abſurd, that no ſober Chriſtian will own it. Yea, more, the *will of God*, even when *expreſſed* and ſignified to

to us, (that, I mean, which concerns the inflicting any evil upon us or ours) if it be expressed only *conditionally*, or, (though it may be delivered in absolute terms, yet) may according to the Tenor of the Scripture be warrantably *supposed to imply a Condition*; we may both *pray against*, and by all other pious and prudent courses labour to *prevent*. Of which we have at least three known Instances in the Scripture; in the several Cases of *David*, *Hezekiah*, and the King of *Nineveh*. And the reason hereof is, because in such Cases, the *will of God revealed*, being not *peremptory* and *absolute*, is fulfilled on the *one* hand even by its *frustration* upon the *performance of the Conditions*, upon which it was *suspended*, as it would on *the other*, by *taking place*, according to the commination, in case the *Conditions* supposed be *not performed*. So *David*, and the *King of Nineveh* both argue; *For who can tell whether God will be merciful?* &c. And in this manner, it is probable, the *Brethren* in the *Text* understood the

2 *Sam.* 12.22. *Jon.* 3. 8, 9. *Isa.* 38. 1, 2.

the *Prophecy of Agabus*, labouring to prevent it, whiles they saw no cause to conclude it absolute, and irrevocable; and till they perceived by the evident hand of God upon St. *Pauls* heart, that he himself had in all likelihood defeated their importunities, in order to the compleating of his own will.

It remains then, that the *will of God*, to which ours must submit, is his *will revealed*, according to the nature, and measure of that *revelation*. Lomb *d.* 45. *II. dis:* 14.

The *revealed will* of God (according to the *Schools*) contains his *precepts*, his *prohibitions* (under which I suppose they include also his *promises* and *threatnings* annexed to them) his *permissions*, his *counsels*, and his *performances*. In reference to all which, our duty is thus to be distributed; We must *do* what he *bids*, *forbear* what he *forbids*, *follow* what he *adviseth*, *bear* with what he *permitteth*, and *bear* what he *inflicteth*, without the least opposition or reluctancy from our wills: or in case any such arise in *Præcipit, & prohibet, permittit, consulit implet.*

in our hearts through passion or temptation, *our wills* must then be *denied*, and not *dandled*; *humbled*, not *honoured*; *mortified*, not *gratified*.

Serm. *de subjectione voluntatis.*

St. *Bernard* expresseth this *subjection of our Wills* to the *Will of God* in three particulars, *We must* (saith he)

1. *Velle omnino quod certum est Deum velle*, absolutely and entirely will what we certainly know God wills; not opposing our *nay* to his *yea*.

2. *Nolle omnino, & execrari quod certum est Deum nolle*, absolutely nill and execrate what God nills and dislikes; not opposing our *yea* to his *nay*.

3. *Neque velle ex toto, neque penitus non velle quod incertum est utrum Deus velit aut nolit*: to be indifferent, or (at least) very moderate, not peremptory and eager in those things concerning which the *Will of God is dubious and uncertain*; but to *suspend* our *yea* and *nay* till God have expressed his.

And then are we, in any of these out

out of order, as St. *Austin* saies, *when we rather labour to bend Gods will to ours, than amend ours by his.*

Ad suam voluntatem flectere Deum, non suam corrigere ad Deum In *Ps.* 32.

I intend not here to treat of *subjection* to the *Will of God* in its *latitude*, but to confine my self to that, in *God's revealed Will*, which both the *Text* and this *sad occasion* leads me unto, the *providential part* of it relating to such *Issues* and *Events* wherein we are concerned, whether in our *persons* and *interests*; and therefore are endangered to temptations of reluctancy from our particular dis-satisfactions and displeasures. It is this *will of providence* that the *Brethren* in the *Text* strike sail to in this Christian expression, *The will of the Lord be done, q.d If God will have it so, that no entreaties shall prevail to keep so dear an Apostle and eminent instrument of God's glory and the Churches good from bonds and imprisonment, then so be it. Let* Paul *be bound, and our wills too bound up from obstructing it; that God may have the liberty of his will: let our prayers and tears be*

be frustrated, rather than his pleasure and determination be defeated. The Lord it seems will have it so, and we will have it as he will. And in the same frame do we find *good old Eli*, when *God* sent him that thundring threatning by *Samuel*, *It is the Lord*, saith he, *let him do what seemeth him good*, 1 *Sam.* 3. 18. And *David* when he fled from *Jerusalem* to avoid that *dangerous Rebellion* raised by his *Son Absalom*, whiles he yet knew not the *Lords pleasure* concerning the event, is *in utrumque paratus*: *If the Lord will permit me to find favour in his eies, he will bring me back again; but if he say thus, I have no delight in thee, here am I, let him do as seemeth good to him*, 2 *Sam.* 15. 25, 26. And thus our *Saviour* in the *Garden*, wherein (according to St. *Austins* notion) *voluntatem suam figuravit & nostram*, he exhibited as it were in a *Table* together his *will* and *ours*, the *will* of *Nature* and the *will of Grace*, after he had expressed an *human sinless infirmity* in startling at so grievous a suffering, makes a *gracious surrender*

Ibidem.

render of his *Will* to his *Fathers*, saying, *not my will, but thine be done.*

Thus, you see, do the Saints of *God* use to submit to the *revealed will* of Providence, *antecedenter*, even before it is done, by *consenting* that it *be done*; yea, as in the instance of *David* but now mentioned, before he hath so much as *revealed* what he *will do*; so *preparing the way of the Lord by complanation of every mountain* that may retard him. Is. 40. 3, 4.

And a like *submission* do they yield to the same *will of providence*, *consequenter*, after it is *done*, by way of *approbation*; as being highly satisfied in this, that he *hath done whatsoever he pleased.* Thus holy *Job falls to the ground*, and adores that providence, which had reduced him from the *Throne* to the *Dunghil*, *Job* 1. 20.

And in *both* these, their *practise* suits their *prayers*, who are taught to pray *indefinitely*, *Thy will be done Mat.* 6. 10. In which *Petition*, though *Cyprian* be of the mind, that we only *beg grace to yield active*

Non petimus ut Deus faciat quod vult, sed ut nos facere possimus, quod Deus vult. Serm. de Orat. Dom.

Active obedience to God's will enjoined, yet even that includes grace also to give *passive obedience to his will inflicted*; *patience* being no less a duty in *this*, than *performance* in *that*. Ἀνέχου καὶ Ἀπέχου, (as once *Epictetus* said) contain the *summe of Moral Philosophy*, to *bear* what God laies on us, & to *forbear* what he forbids us to do And there is a great deal of *Christianity* in them too: For, the *first Commandment* requiring us to *own him for our God*, we must not, as *Tully* saies of *Epicurus*, give him a *Name without a thing*: or, (in the language of a *better Author*, *Tit.* 1. 16) *Profess we know*, and honour him, *and yet in works deny him*, which we shall certainly do, if we substract from him the one *half*, and that the *chiefest* of that homage which we owe him, our submission to his just and necessary *severities*.

Verbis reliquit Deos, re sustulit. De Nat. Deor.

Argued.

And now that what hath been said, may not seem an unequal yoke, or unreasonable Task to you, I shall endeavour to satisfie your Judgments concerning it by these *Reasons*.

1. On

1. On *Gods part*, and here *Reason* tells us,

1. That *God* will have his will *on us*, as well as *of us*, whether we *will* or *no*. For *who hath resisted his will? Rom.* 9. 19. and *who ever hardened himself against God, and prospered? Job* 9. 4. The very *Heathens* had this notion of *Fate* (which some (with great likelyhood of truth) think, signifyed no more to the nicest of them that maintained it, however their opinion were exposed by their Adversaries, than the *power of an omnipotent will in its unavoidable and irresistable effects*) that it alwaies *dragged* those *against* their wills, who would not be led *with* their wills to *submit* unto it;

Ducunt volentem Fata, nolentem trahunt. Whence *Cleanthes*, (for to him *Simplicius* assigns that saying delivered in *Iambick* verse at the end of *Epictetus*) took up that noble

Seneca Trag. Ἄγε δὲ μὲ ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ σὺ ἡ πεπρωμένη ὅποι ποθ' ὑμῖν εἰμὶ διατεταγμένος, Ὧς ἕψομαι ἤτταν ἕψομαι. σπουδαῖος ἠδ' ἄοκνος; Ἐὰν δὲ μὴ ἐθέλω, οὐχ *Epict.* c. 77. *Edit. Roterd.* Better read by *Lipsius* in his Notes on *Seneca Ep.* 107. Ἄγε δὲ μ' ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ σὺ γ' ἡ Πεπρωμένη ὅποι ποθ' ὑμῖν εἰμὶ διατεταγμένος. Ὧς ἕψομαι γ' ἄοκνος· ἢν δὲ μὴ θέλω, Κακὸς γενόμενος οὐδὲν ἧττον ἕψομαι. *Lact.* de vero cultu.

Resolution of *following*, *whereever his God and his Fate led him*; as thinking it more eligible to *obey with his good wil*, than to be *hurried against it*. It is true, the irresistableness of such events as God assigns us, is a reason for submission much below a Christian; for (as *Lactantius* saies) *nulla laus est non facere quod non possis*) it is no commendation to a man not to do, what if he would he cannot, and so to submit to that providence which he cannot resist: yet, because *even Christians* sometimes act *below Christianity and humanity* too, I thought it not amiss to suggest this *low* consideration here, as that, which, if it will not purchase them the praise of *doing well*, yet may serve to keep them from the guilt of *doing ill*, *kicking against the pricks* of providence, and attempting a bootless and hurtful resistance against an *irresistable will*. But,

Secondly, that that carries a more generous veyn of *Reason* in it, is,

2. That *could we hinder* God of his will, yet it is most just and equal

equall that we ſhould *yield it him* voluntarily, upon the account of his *deep Wiſdom*, *great Goodneſs*, *ſpotleſs Juſtice*, and *abſolute Soveraignty*: conſidering, that he that is *infinitely wiſe* can commit no *error*; he that is *infinitely good* can do no *evil*; he that is *infinitely juſt* can offer no *wrong*; and he that is an *abſolute Lord*, and *unlimited Soveraign*, needs *ask no leave* in whatſoever he pleaſeth to doe. Now, *God* is ſo *wiſe*, that the Scripture tells us he is *only wiſe*, and all creatures *fooles* to him, *Rom.* 16. 17. *all his works are done in wiſdome*, infinite, incomprehenſible wiſdome, *Pſ.* 104. 24. ſo *good*, that it aſſures us there is *none* (as *he is good*, abſolutely, originally, independently, and immutably) *good but he*, Mat. 19. 17. *All the Earth is full of his goodneſs*, Pſ. 33. 5. There is *no unrighteouſneſs in him*, John. 7. 18. He *is righteous in all his wayes*, Pſ. 145. 17. And though all the World ſift and ſcan his actions never ſo much, they will be able to *finde nothing after him*, to quarrel him juſtly for,

Eccleſ.

Eccles. 7. 14. and therefore we shall but *exalt our folly*, and render it more conspicuous, *Prov.* 14. 29. and *declare our sin*, *Is.* 3. 9. and *shew* our taking *pleasure in unrighteousness*, 2 Thes. 2. 12. if we set up our *foolish*, *evil*, and *unjust* wills, in opposition against him.

Wilt thou quarrel him, because his *wisdome* is not concordant with *humane maximes*, his *goodness* is not measured by *humane measures*, and his *justice* not directed and governed by *humane lawes*? Consider then in the *last place*, that it is (as *Tertullian* sayes,) a *most foolish thing to prejudge Gods affaires by humane Rules*. Because he is an *absolute Soveraign* over all the World; he *doth what he pleaseth in the Army of Heaven, and among the Inhabitants of the Earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, what dost thou?* as the greatest *Monarch*, at that day in the World, confesseth, *Dan.* 4. 35. Now it is proper to an *absolute Soveraign*, to *give Laws* to all, and *receive them* from none: yea, to be as unaccountable as the *Potter*

Stultissimi, qui de humanis divina præjudicant. Adv. Marc. lib. 2.

is to the clay, to all under his Dominion, Rom. 9. 21. and therefore not to be *commanded* to yield an answer to any ones cavills *concerning the work of his hands*, as both the *Context*, the *Chaldee Paraphrast*, the *Arabick Version*, and St. *Jerome* will have us understand that *Text*, which some modern Divines take for an high straine of *Divine condescention* to the force of *Prayer*, Is. 45. 11. It is *hardly possible* (saith St. *Austin*) *but in something or other every man should incline to his own private will*; *but then he ought presently to think, that God is the Soveraign, he the subject*; *God the Creator, he the creature*; *God Omnipotent, he impotent*; *and then he will see cause to correct himself, and say, yet not as I will, Lord, but as thou wilt.*

Aliquid proprium velle difficile est ut tibi non contingat, sed statim cogita, illum supra te, te infra illum, illum creatorem, te creaturam, illum omnipotentem, te infirmum, corrigens te & subjungens voluntati ejus, &c. Aug. *in* Ps. 32. *ubi supra.*

To *summe* up this *Paragraph* then. If the *will of man* shall take upon it to *prescribe* to the *will of God*, either *Man* must pretend to more *Reason*, or more *Right* to govern the World than *He*. To pretend to more *Reason*, must imply a fondly *blasphemous conceit*,

that he hath either *skill* to doe it more *wisely*, or *goodnes* to doe it more *obligingly*, or *justice* to do it more *equally* than *God*: And, to plead more *Right*, implyes no less a *blasphemous absurdity*; For who hath more *right* to dispose of the *Creature*, than he that *made* it? Now, *he made us, not we our selves*, Ps. 100. 3. *Of him, and from him, are all things*, Rom. 11. 36. and therefore in reason (as followes) they should be *to him*. All the World was *created for his pleasure*, Rev. 4. 11. and undoubtedly (therefore) he hath *right* to *dispose of it at his pleasure*. The *Father* is the most proper Governour of the *Childe* he hath begotten, and the *Workman* Master of the *Manufacture* that he hath made. How absurd then is it for us, that are Θεῦ γένος, *Gods off-spring*, Act. 17. 28. and Θεῦ πόιημα, *his Workmanship*, Eph. 2. 10. not to suffer the *Father of our beings* to govern in his own *Family*, and the great *Architect* of all the World, to be *Master in his own Shop*? as a *learned Commentator* descants on that

Quorsum tandem profiliet vestra arrogantia ut non sinatis me --- in officina mea dominari? Calv. in *Is.* 45.

that Text of *Isaiah* but now quoted.

2. And *Secondly*, on *our part*, it is infinitely for our advantage to be managed by the *will of God*, beyond what it would be to be left to our *own*, and that in *four particulars*.

1. This onely can effectually *quiet us*, Ps. 119. 165. *Great peace have they that love thy Law, and nothing shall offend them*, sayes the *Psalmist*. All our *disturbances* (as St. *Bernard* descants upon that Text) arises from this, that *men will not be governed by Gods Law, but their own wills*. *Mans will*, if left to its own dispose, will never be at rest. Its own desires (like *Actæons* Dogs in the Fable) wil worry, disquiet, and distract it continually. And this (1,) *partly* from the *dubiousness and hesitancy* incident to it in its *choice*, whence, men that may *have what they will*, cannot tell many times *what to choose*, of all that variety which distracts their desires. The *rational* appetite is as much at a loss, *de magno tollere acervo*, to choose among many objects,

Unde scandala, unde turbatio, nisi quod propriam sequimur voluntatem? &c. Bern. Serm. de sub. vol.

Horace.

objects, as the bodily appetite is (in a *dubia cœna*) to pitch upon what *Dish* it will feed on in a great *Feast*. (2.) And *partly* from the *unconstancy* and *fickleness* of it, which causeth it so frequently to *alter its choice*. The *sick will* of man (as the *Moralist* expresses it) doth, as the *will of* the *sick man*, think *changes* its *cure*. So prone are we alwayes to *fly from our selves*, (sayes old *Lucretius*) that is, dislike our present condition; though, had we never so much choice before us, we cannot tell how to mend it: So that it must needs be as much trouble to a man to *fix* such a *Mercuriall* faculty; as, the *Nurse* hath, that is to please that *Child* with *Baubles*, that *dislikes* old, and *likes* new every quarter of an hour. (3.) And *partly* from its *greediness*, arising from its *vastness*, and (in a sort) *infiniteness* of *capacity*: which nothing moderate will satisfie in any kind, while there is any thing beyond it *desirable*, or but *appearing* so to be: Like an *hydropicall* thirst, that (as the *Poet* tells us) by its very *satis-*

Mutationibus ut remediis uti. Sen. de Tranq. An.

Hoc se quisque modo semper fugit.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops. Hor. Ode.

factions

factions is rendered more *insatiable*; and (as the *Moralist* hath it) *Incipit semper a fine*, find's the satisfaction of one desire the production of another. Whence the same *Moralist* tells, that *Attalus* compared the greediness of appetite in *Man*, to that of a *Dog*, that as soon as he hath greedily swallowed *one bit* that is flung to him, *in spem futuri hiat*, he is ready, and *gapes* for *another*. *Senec.* Ep. 73. & 72.

So that in all these respects, it is most for our *ease* and *quiet* to be *determined*, and limited in our desires by a *superior will*, especially a *will* of so much *wisdom*, *goodness*, and *Justice*, as I have before told you, *Gods* is. And submission to this alone, can *fix*, *settle*, and *satisfie* us.

2. This onely can truely *better and improve us*: I mean, contribute to us a true, inward, and gracious excellency of spirit; and heal the sinful distempers which naturally we groan under. Our *viciousness* of nature and life, whence is it, but from our *own wills*? whence *the Apostle* describing our natural

natural depravedness, *Eph.*2.2. ascribes it, in a great measure, to our θελήμασι, the *irregular appetites* we are subject unto. When *God* gave the *first Man* his *will*, that liberty served him for no further use than to *enslave himself*, by debasing the ἡγεμονικὸν, or *governing faculty* of his Soul to a *sensual, brutish appetite*: so that he whom *God made upright*, made himself *crooked* and deformed, by *seeking out many inventions*, Eccles. 7. 29. Now, *contraria, contrariis*, say *Physicians*. Diseases are cured by contraries. Wherefore, if our *own wills* have *depraved* us, the onely way to *cure* this depravedness, is to reduce them to *subjection, and conformity to the will of God*. *Gods will* (saith the *Apostle*) is *a good, and perfect will*, Rom. 12.3. and therefore our perfection must be to *stand compleat in all the will of God*, Col. 4. 12. For (according to the *Philosophers* Rule, τὸ ὁμοιότατον τῷ ἀγαθῷ βέλτιον,) there being such an *infinite goodness* in Gods will; to be *most like* it, must be, to be *best*.

Arist. Top. L 3.

3. The

3. This only can *save us* from eternal *ruine* and *destruction*. A man never more speedily and surely *damns* himself, than when God *gives him up to his own hearts lusts*, *Psal.* 81.12. when God threatens *to let sinners alone*, *Hos.* 4. 17. he threatens *all* evil to them *compendiously*. For, 1. How often, if *left to our selves*, do we *wish* and *pursue* those things most *passionately*, which are most *prejudicial* to us? so that it is a sore suspicion, that any thing is nought for us when our own appetites greedily desire it. And if God would study a close, quick, and certain way of being *revenged* upon a man, he need but *open* his *store* to him, and give him the *liberty of choosing* for himself.

Evertere domos totas, optantibus ipsis, Dii faciles. *Juven. sat.* 10.

says an *Heathen*. An *easie God* stands his *Creature* in no other stead, than to *undo* him with his *own consent*. Were it not better then, for a man to be crossed in his *will*, by *Gods*, (as we do our children when they cry for knives or other hurtful things) than to be *let alone*

alone to be ruined by his *own*?

2. How often do we *deprecate*, and *fly from* those things, which are (of all others) *most beneficial* to us? Like *Infants* that refuse wholsome *food* and *Medicines*, because they are not *sweetned* to their Palat. And so do we destroy our selves by flying the *wholsome austerities* of Religion, meerly because *ascetical godliness*, is too sower and ungrateful to flesh and blood? so also do we, by all means, shun *affliction*, and *choose sin* rather than it, though to our utter *ruine*, barely because, for the present, it is not χαρᾶς, but λυπῆς, not a matter of *joy* but of *grief*, *Heb.* 12. 11. Generally men go to *Hell*, because they *will go to Heaven their own way, not Gods*. Which made St. *Bernard* say, *Cesset voluntas propria, & infernum non erit*: that there would be *no Hell*, were it not for *mens own wills*. Though no man hath a *will to be damned*, yet every mans *own will damns* him.

Job. 36. 21.

De Ref. Domini, Serm. 2.

Is it not therefore a thousand times better for us to deny our *own wills* herein also, and submit

to

to *Gods*; who by those things that do not *please us*, doth *preserve* us from utter ruine and destruction; and if he should do any other than *displease us*, must be enforced to *destroy us* by humouring us; as that *Chirurgion* doth, who is loath to search a dangerous wound to the bottom; or cut out of the quick flesh a cancerous substance, for fear of offending and disquieting his *Patient*? When we need it, it is the *greatest act of Divine indignation that he can shew towards us, to forbear severity*; so St. *Austin*. And on the other side, *Blessed is he whom God correcteth, and teacheth him out of his Law*, saith the *Psalmist*, For thereby he saves his children from the *destruction that attends the wicked*, as follows *Psal.* 94. 12, 13. upon which notion *Tertullian*, very elegantly, and devoutly descants in this manner. *Happy is that Servant whom his Heavenly Master is at such pains to amend; whom he will condescend to be offended withal; whom by mildness he doth not beguile to his destruction. And therefore we ought to*

Cum parcit Deus, plus irascitur. In *Ps.* 65.

Decet gratulari & gaudere Divinæ dignationi castigationis. O beatum illum servum cujus emendationi Dominus instat, cui dignatur irasci, &c. De patient.

to rejoice in, and congratulate the high vouchsafement of divine correction.

4. This only can *Crown us* eternally in Heaven, For who (among men) *rewards* his Servant for doing his *own pleasure?* It is *obedience* only, that God Crowns. *Christ is the Author of Eternal life to them,* (and them only) *that obey* him. Now (as *Salvian* saies) if *a man do his Masters will, according to his own pleasure, though he do his commands, he doth not obey them.* Besides, it is absurd to think that God should *reward* any other than he approves. Now he *approves* not any one that doth not *please him*; else, in *approving him,* he would *condemn* himself. Will you know now who *pleaseth God?* St. *Austin* tells you, *Ille placet Deo* (saies he) *cui placet Deus,* that man *pleaseth God,* who is not *displeased* with him; as acquiescing and resting satisfied and contented in his pleasure. *After we have done the will of God* (saith the *Apostle* to the *Hebrews*) we *need to have patience to bear* it too, before we

Heb. 5. 9. *Si pro arbitrio suo servi dominis obtemperant, ne in iis quidem in quibus obtemperant, obsequuntur.* Gub. D. L. 3.

Aug. ubi supra, in *Ps.* 32.

we *receive the promises*, *Heb.* 10.36. He that thinks to get to Heaven without an entire resignation of himself to Gods will; had need provide an *Heaven* of his *own*, and a *Ladder* of his *own* too to get thither. For there is no room for him in *God's Heaven*, nor any possibility for him to obtain it, that will not commit himself to his *conduct*, and enter *that way* which he hath *appointed* him.

3. And *thirdly*, there is also high *Reason* for this Truth, on the part of the *whole Creation of God*: which *Gods will* alone preserves in *being*, and *peace*; whereas our *wills* would hurry it into *ruine* and *destruction*, by perpetual wars and confusions: *Meum* and *Tuum* (we say) are the greatest make-bates and sow-strifes in the World. And how comes this to pass? The fault is not in *propriety*: for that is the end of strife, when *every one* enjoies his *own*. But it lies in this, that every man will be the *Judge* of what is *his*, and what *another mans*; measuring out *propriety* by his *own will*. Whence it is, that

men generally think all their *own*, that (*quocunque modo*) they can *get*; and nothing *anothers*, but what they *cannot get* from him. Which *Alexander* the *Great* spake out plain (when, to a *City* that offered to compound with him, upon terms of *dividing* their Goods and territories betwixt him and them; he answered) *That he came not into Asia to receive what men would give him, but to assign them what he should think fit to leave them.* And hence grow *all wars* saith St. *James chap.* 4. 1. because men will share the world among them according to their *own lusts*. Now the only way to end them, and preserve the world in *Peace*, is for *God* to interpose his *Arbitration*. The which he doth, *partly* by *Law*, and *partly* by *Power*. It is then *best* with the whole world, when men will stand to the decisions of *Gods Law*, or *will of Precept*, in these differences. For certainly (although some *Atheists* strain the notion too far, (as he whom *Tully* brings in, asserting, that *all Religion was invented by Statesmen*

Eo proposito veni in Asiam, non ut id acciperem quod dedisses, sed ut id haberetis quod reliquissem. Q. Curt.

Totam de Diis opinionem fictam a sapientibus Reip. causa, &c. Tull. de Nat. De.

Statesmen for politick ends; of whose mind I doubt there are still *more than* a *good* many) yet) it is an unquestionable *Truth*, that *Religion hath a great influence* upon the *peaceable Government of Kingdoms*, nor can any *Body Politick* be well governed without it: seeing no *other ties* can be sufficient to keep any man within bounds, that hath no *principle of Conscience* to oblige him, longer, than till he hath *power* enough, and *opportunity* offered to dis-engage himself. Whereas, when the *Law of God* joins with the *Law of man*, such a one as is truly awed thereby, dares not do any unjust action, though he *could*, and were sure he had *power* enough to *secure him* therein from *humane Jurisdiction*.

But because there are some who have no *sense of Religion* at all, (and so will not stand to Gods Arbitration *by Law*) or if they *have*, yet are apt to *interpret Gods Law* for their own advantage; therefore (to keep the world in being) God is fain to deal with these men by an *Arbitration of Power*, which

Καὶ τότε δὴ χρυσέια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα, &c. *Hom. Il.* Θ.

(will they, nill they) they cannot evade. Thus *Homer* describes his *Jupiter* with a pair of *golden ballances* in his hand, weighing out the *Fates* of *Armies* and *Nations*; to intimate that God alone determines the great controversies of the world by his *irresistable providence*, according to his own will; and by the *changes and vicissitudes* of *Affairs*, continues the *course of Nature*, in the channel wherein it hath run from the Creation. Thus when *any* part of this great body, hath grown *unwieldy*, by attracting *too much nutriment* to it self, he hath substracted from it, to give to *others*, what was *expedient*; cantoning great *Monarchies*, and distributing them into more *moderate Principalities*; and when he hath seen it needful (on the *other* side) strengthening *weak* members by accessions contributed from *adjacent* parts, hath enabled them to *support themselves*. And so in *private* concernments, he raiseth *one* Family out of the ruines of *another*, takes away providentially *Labans* wealth, and gives it to *Jacob*

Jacob, Gen. 31. 9. removes *one generation*, that *another* may *ſtand up in its ſtead*; and ſo provides for all by *ſucceſſion*; for whom, if they ſhould all exiſt *together*, the whole World would not ſuffice (as the proud *King* ſayes of the *duſt of Samaria*, in reference to his numerous Army, 1 *King*. 20. 10.) to afford every one an *handfull*. And ſo is the World maintained, as the *River* is, by gaining on *one* banke, what it loſeth on *another*: as the *Moraliſt* obſerves, that by *theſe contrarieties of Providence the duration of this great Frame is preſerved*. Whereas if theſe *Scales* could be wreſted out of *Gods* hand, and *Men* had *them* in their *own*; there would be no end of quarrels betwixt *them*, but in a *fatall ruine* of them *all*, by means of mutuall rapines and bloodſheds,

Eccleſ. 1. 4.

Natura hoc, quod vides, regnum mutationibus temperat & contrariis rerum æternitas conſtat. Sen. Ep. 107.

——— *ſuoque*
Marte cadent ſubito per mutua vulnera fratres. Ov. Met.

And now, Brethren, I would fain perſwade my ſelf, that by what hath been ſaid, your *Judgments* are convinced of this truth. But that I am afraid, unruly *Paſſions* will

Applyed.

not suffer them (especially in your particular concernments) to pronounce according to their convictions. *Reason* is alwayes more easily managed than *Passion*; *Man*, than the *beast in Man*. The *Law of the Members*, as the blessed *Apostle* complains, is hardly brought into subjection to the *Law of the Minde*, Rom. 7. 23. whence it comes to pass, that though we know this *Doctrine* to be true, and will assent to it in *Thesi*, in general; yet in *Hypothesi*, (when it comes to be reduced to every Mans *particular*) there can hardly a Man be found that doth not perswade himself, *his Case* doth not fall under this *Rule*, nor ought he to be governed by it. I complain of *my self*, (Christians) as well as of *you*. And *Tertullian* did so before me, who makes this ingenuous *confession* in the presence of God, in the very entrance of his excellent Book, *De Patientia*. That he *had somewhat imprudently, and in a manner impudently, undertaken to Treat of a Duty, which he was not able to practise: in so much, that he was afraid,*

Confiteor satis temerè me, si non impudenter de patientia, componere ausum, cui præstet inde omnino idoneus non sum. —Ne dicta factis deficientibus erubescant De Patient.

afraid, leſt his lines ſhould bluſh at the diſagreement that was betwixt them and his Life. Indeed, we may, all of us, if we will be ingenuous, take up the ſame *confeſſion*, in reference to the *ſubject* of this *Doctrine*. We can (all of us) ſay, *We muſt ſubmit to Gods will*; and (every one of us) finde reaſons to perſwade our *Brethren* unto it; but, whenever Gods will croſſeth *us in our particular Intereſts*, how *few* of us are there, of whom, that may not be ſaid truely, which *Eliphaz* charges on *Job*, Chap. 4. 5. *Now it is come upon thee, and thou fainteſt, it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled.* If God take away a *Neighbours Wife, Childe, Eſtate*, we can preſently ſay (and no words are more common in our mouths, than theſe) that, *ſeeing God pleaſeth to have it ſo, he muſt ſubmit to, and acquieſce in it.* But when it is our *own* caſe, *we* muſt have a *diſpenſation* for our impatience, our immoderate grief, our murmuring, our diſcontented ſpeeches and carriages. *So much harder is it to take good*

Omnes cum valemus ſana conſilia ægrotis damus, &c. Ter.

counsel, than to give it. Now in such cases, it is plain, that our *Passions* usurp the Throne of *Reason*. And therefore, I pray, give me leave, after all these *Demonstrations*, with which I have endeavoured to satisfie *your Judgments*; to descend to some *moving considerations*, to make impression upon *your Affections* themselves; that by making a *Party for God* among them, I may, (by *their* help, once raised) be the better able to reduce *those* others to obedience that stand *in Rebellion* against him. And, because there is no *passion* that hath a greater influence upon us, to recover us from our sinful extravagancies, *than shame* of the absurdities, that attend them; (for which reason Scripture so frequently makes it a companion of *Repentance*,) I shall endeavour to stir up in you that just *abhorrency and detestation* of this sinfull distemper, as may provoke an holy and ingenuous *indignation* against it. Now there are *two things* in this sinfull *opposition* and *resistance* of heart against the *will of God*, which

which we may justly be *ashamed* of.

(1.) *That it debaseth us below those, with whom we account it the greatest disparagement to be ranked and mustered.* There is no *Name* of greater disgrace among *Christians*, than an *Heathen*: and therefore to be *accounted as an Heathen*, is used by our *Saviour* to express the highest *brand* of *infamy* that *Christianity* can *marke* the greatest *offender* withall, *Mat.* 18. 17. So that, certainly, there can be nothing in the World, which a *Christian* hath more cause to blush at, than what is condemned by *Heathens themselves*. Now, in the point in hand, it is *amazing* to think, what an height *some Heathens* have arrived to, beyond most of us that call our selvs *Christians*. As you must needs say, when you shall read in *Epictetus*, Μὴ ζήτει τὰ γινόμενα γίνεσθαι ὡς θέλεις, &c. That a Man ought so far to renounce his own will, that *he must not so much as seek, or desire to have things fall out as he will: but be willing to have them fall out as they doe:* and, that

Μὴ ζήτει τὰ γινόμενα γίνεσθαι ὡς θέλεις, ἀλλὰ θέλε τὰ γινόμενα γίνεσθαι ὡς γίνεται-*Epict. Ench.* c. 13.

Σὸν ἐστὶ τὸ δοθὲν ὑποκείνεσθαι πᾶσσον καλῶς. ἐκλέξασθαι δὲ αὐτὸ ἄλλω. cap. 24.

that *Men come into this World, as Actors upon a Stage, who are not to choose the parts they will Act, but only to take care to Act that part decently, which is assigned them;* and that Men *ought to demean themselves in the World, as well-bred Persons at a Feast, who carve decently to themselves of the Dish that is set before them, but call not for that which is taken off, or set by. That thus we ought to carry our selves towards Wives, Children, Honours, Estates,; use them moderately, whiles God vouchsafes the enjoyment of them, but if he deny them to us, or take them from us, not to be too sollicitous after them. That a Man thus affected, is fit to be a Guest at the Table of the Gods; but he that can advance so high, as to despise all these, (even when he hath them) is, in a sort, a sharer with them in their Throne and Soveraignty:* as also, That *the chief Principle of Religion is, to have a right opinion of the Gods, as being most good and most just, and administring all affairs accordingly; that Man is appointed to obey and*

Μίμνησο ὅτι ὡς ἐν συμποσίῳ δεῖ σε ἀναστρέφεσθαι, &c.

Καὶ ἴσῃ ἄξιος τῆς Θεῶν συμπότης: ἂν δὲ καὶ παρεξιδὼν ταῦτα μὴ λάβῃς ἀλλὰ ὑπερίδῃς, τότε ἓ μόνον συμπότης τῆς Θεῶν ἔσῃ ἀλλὰ καὶ συνάρχων. cap. 21.

and acquiesce in all that they doe, and to follow willingly their conduct, as grounded on the supreme Reason: for, otherwise, Men will measure their Religion by their advantages, and love their God, or hate him, as they apprehend him the cause of good or evil to them: and that *Men must not say, when any enjoyment is taken from them,* ἀπώλεσα αὐτὸ, I *have lost* it; but, ἀπέδωκα, I *have restored it to the right owner and proprietor thereof; restored a dead Wife, or Childe, or Friend, a wasted Estate,* &c. *and whiles they enjoy any thing, must look on it, as a Traveller on his Inn, as his own Lodging, but anothers House:* To add to these, that of the *Heathen-Poet* (and he none of *the best* neither) *That Men must leave it to the Gods to choose for them, who, because they love Man better than he can himself, will choose what is most for his profit, though they deny him what is for his pleasure:* and that of *Seneca,* That *it is the property of a great, and noble Soul, to resign himself entirely to God; and that none but a low, and degenerous Spirit will*

Τῆς εὐσεβείαι ἴσθι ὅτι κυριότατον ἐκεῖνο ἐστὶν, ὁ θὰς ὑπολήψεις περὶ τῶν Θεῶν ἔχειν, ὡς ὄντων καὶ διοικούντων τὰ ὅλα καλῶς καὶ δικαίως, καὶ σ' αὐτὸν εἰς τοῦτο κατατεταχέναι τὸ πείθεσθαι αὐτοῖς, &c. C. 38. Cap. 15.

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid conveniat nobis; rebusq; sit utile nostris: Nam pro jucundis, aptissima quaeque dabunt Dii. Charior est illis, homo, quam sibi. Juv. Sat. 10.

Magnus est animus qui se Deo tradidit; pusillus & degener qui obluctatur. Sen. Epist. 107.

will struggle with him. To which, in the last place, take that high Speech of one *Demetrius* (recorded by *the* same *Seneca*, from his own Mouth, as he sayes) *That he had onely one thing to complain of in the usage he had received from the Gods; That when they designed the taking of his Earthly comforts from him, they did not acquaint him with what they meant to call for before-hand. For,* (saith he) *I would have prevented your calling me to such a condition, by offering my self to it. I would have tendered what you would have had, as a present, not paid it as a Tax. What need had you to take from me, what you needed but to have accepted? Nor indeed shall you now properly take from me any thing; seeing that cannot be properly taken away, that is not detained. I suffer no compulsion at all from you, I suffer nothing against my will. I do not so much submit to the Gods, as assent and vote with them.* I confess this *last* Speech savours somewhat of the high *Stoical Rant*; (as divers other passages in *Seneca* both

Hoc unum, inquit, Dii immortales, de vobis queri possum quod non antè mihi voluntatem vestram notam feciſtis. Prior enim ad ista veniſſem, ad quæ nunc vocatus adsum. — Maluiſſem offerre quam tradere. Quid opus fuit auferre? accipere potuiſtis. Sed ne nunc quidem auferetis, quia nihil eripitur niſi retinenti. Nihil cogor, nihil patior invitus: nec servio Deo, sed aſſentio. Sen. de Provid.

both his *own*, and those quoted with commendation from others of his sect;) and therefore every expression in it is not to be in strictness and propriety of language *imitated* or *approved*. But however in the high *Rhetorick* thereof, we may see what an *Idea* even an *Heathen fancy* conceives of that *profession* which man ought to attain unto, (for the *Stoicks*, I suppose, when they speak these things of themselves, speak their *Judgments* (*at least*) of what they *design*, or are convinced *they ought to design* the attainment of in their own *practise*) and thence infer; that, certainly, we are not able to answer it to God, our own *Conscience*, or our solemn *profession of Christianity*, if we come so vastly short of those mens, (whether aims and designs, or) avowed principles, whom we count it the greatest disgrace to be levelled withal. And we may make use of these, and an 100 more like *Instances* from the *Heathens* that knew not God, to *shame* our selves, for our non-proficiency in a *Lesson*; which even

out

out of the very ruins and rubbish of fallen nature, those *Philosophers* were able to *read so cleerly* (at least,) if we will not allow them to have reduced it to *practice* in their lives and conversations.

But if withall, we shall be so charitable to them, as to believe they (for the main) *practised* according to their *speeches* in this kind; (and why should we not vouchsafe them so much of our *charity* (at least) as to allow them to be *honest men*, against most of whom we have little evidence to judge *them* other, but from the pens of *their* Adversaries?) then, the shame of being, not *outworded* only, but *out-lived* also, by the men that we represent to our selves under so *odious a Character*, cannot but *cloath our faces*, and our own *confusion* from so just a *conviction*, cannot but *cover us as with a mantle*, when we consider that we come *short* of *them*, *whom* we ought so *far to exceed*, that a πλέον, a *bare precedency* or *going before them* (it seems by our *Saviours Question*) will not serve our turns, except

except we advance to a περισσον ποιειν to excel *them* ſo far, as to *run them out of diſtance*, and carry the *prize* from them, *Mat.* 5. 47.

But if this conſideration will not *ſhame* us into a better temper, conſider we in the next place, that to *run counter* thus to the *will of God*, is

2. That, that is a *real contradiction to the confeſſed principles and practiſes of Chriſtianity*, and (by conſequence) faſtens on us the *reproach* of being *falſe to our own avowed Religion*. For tell me (thou that calleſt thy ſelf *Chriſtian*) what is *Chriſtianity*, but a *Doctrine* that teacheth *conformity to Chriſt*? And how art thou *conformable to Chriſt*, when he profeſſeth ſo often, that he had *no will of his own*, but only his *Fathers will that ſent him*? who in his greateſt *Agonies* ſurrendred himſelf up to his *Fathers will* with an abſolute renunciation of his *own*? *Mat.* 26. 39. How canſt thou be a *Chriſtian*, that art yet to learn the very *A B C of Chriſtianity*, *ſelf-denial*, *and taking up the Croſs* (*Mat.* 16. 24.)

duties

duties so inconsistent with this maintaining a contest betwixt our wills and Gods; that the *feet of the Antipodes* will sooner meet, than it and they?

Thou therefore, that art of *this Character*, (though thou *call* thy self *Christian* never so much) know that *Christianity disclaims*, and *Christ disowns* thee.

Thou callest *God* thy *Father*, be ashamed of thy *Impudence*, who handlest him rather like a *child under correction*, than a *Father*. Thou callest him *Master*. How incongruously and incoherently with thy practise; who, whilest thou *callest* him so, art *disputing* and *contending* who shall be more *Master*, thou or he?

Thou addressest thy self to him (in thy *solemn prayers* at least) and sayest, *Sanctificetur nomen tuum, adveniat regnum tuum, fiat voluntas tua*; and art thou not ashamed of thy grosse *hypocrisie*, when (notwithstanding thy seeming devotion) thy *heart* gives thy *tongue* the *lie*, and secretly saies [*My name, my Kingdom, my will*] instead of *Gods*?

Gods? But, possibly thou mayest profess to be so modest, as to allow *God two* of these, the *Name* and the *Kingdom*; and thou only stickest at that hard word, *Thy will*. Thou art for the *sanctification of his Name*, and the *coming of his Kingdom*; but thou wouldest fain obtain *thy will*. Nay, but, thou foolish man, what shall God do with the *Name* or the *Kingdom*, if thou have *the will*? what a poor *name* will be left him in the world, if he serve only as an *Instrument* for man to work his own ends by? He that is the principal in any action, carries the *Name* of it. And what a poor *Kingdom*, (indeed a meer titular, and arbitrary soveraignty) will he have; if he have his power measured out to him by the *arbitrary instructions* he receives from time to time from *thy will*? so that by the granting thee *thy will*, instead of a *Name* and a *Kingdom*, he leaves himself nothing, but the *Name of a Kingdom*. Nay, indeed, to what purpose is it for thee to pray to him at all, if thou take thy self to be

thus ἀνηξίαν? For what a vain thing is it to *ask that of God*, which, but from thy allowance, he hath *no power to give*? Besides, how pellucid is that *hypocrisie*, which pretends in all humble and submissive manner to *begg* of God; when (thy will depriving him of all power to deny thee) a royal stile would better befit thee,

Hoc volo, sic jubeo, stet pro rattone voluntas?

speak out man, and tell *God*, (in plain *English*) that when thou sayst I *begg*, and I *beseech*, and I *intreat*, thou wilt be understood to say, I *straitly will* and *command*: bid him deny thee at his peril, thou wilt un-god him if he do, *nisi Deus homini placuerit non erit Deus*, (as *Tertullian* saies) tell him thou art resolved to *own* no *God* any longer than he shall *please thee*; such *language* is like thy self, fit for a *soveraign will* to deliver it self in. And indeed, this is the *genuine language* of every *humane will*, which lifts it self into competition with *Gods*, so *pregnant with blasphemies* is it.

Tert. Apol.

Thou pretendest to *love God*; a sorry *pretence* it is, and nothing else,

elſe, whiles thou art continually miſ-interpreting his actions, and picking quarrels at him. *He loves but poorly* (ſaies *Salvian*) *whom every triſle will offend.* Thou *loveſt* him, thou ſayeſt. But *wherefore* doſt thou *love* him? Becauſe he *gratifies thee in what thou deſireſt.* So *thou loveſt thy Horſe* when he paceth to thy mind, *and thy field*, when it yields fruit to thy mind, ſays the *Orator*: this is (as he ſays) *mercatura, non amicitia*, trading, not love. Thou *loveſt* him, thou ſayeſt, how *long will* that love laſt? till he *diſpleaſeth* thee *next*. Thou loveſt him, but *tanquam eſurus*, as one from whom the next occaſion thou takeſt to pick a quarrel at, will alienate thee again. Away with this *boys-play, Chriſtians*; thus children are *won with an apple, and loſt with a nut*, as the Proverb ſaith. *A ſimple child indeed*, (ſaith St. *Auſtin*) *that loveſt thy heavenly Father when he dandles thee, and hateſt him when he corrects thee, not conſidering that whether he dandle or correct thee, he provides a portion for thee!*

Qui ſatis diligunt non cito offenduntur. Salv. Ep. 1.

Sic prata, & pecudes diligimus. Tully.

Iuſulſus puer, amas patrem ſi blanditur, odio habes, quod te flagellat: quaſi non & blandiens & flagellans hereditatem petat. Aug. in Pſ. 32.

Thou stilest thy self (it may be) not an *ordinary lover*, but a *friend of God*, and pretendest more *communion* and *fellowship* with him than others have. Thou deceivest thy self grosly, friend. For friendship (the *Orator* will tell thee) cannot consist, but in an *entire union of wills*: so there may be (wilt thou say) if God will reduce *his will* to *mine*, or *compound* the matter at least; in *such* things and *such* God to have his will, and in *other* things to allow me my will. But stay, proud Creature, God and man are never so *friends*, as to become *fellows*. *Abraham*, to be sure, was *God's Friend*, *Isay* 41.8. and yet he knew his *distance*, as appears in that *humble conference*, *Gen.* 18. 27, 30. when a *superior* vouchsafes to become a *friend*, he expects for his condescention, to be *observed* and *complyed* withal from him whom he *obligeth*. This *cultura potentis amici*, husbanding of a potent friendship, is no easie matter. And it principally consists in (that, which thou art most averse to) the perfect melting the

Idem velle & idem nolle, perfecta est amicitiam. Tully.

inferiors

inferiors will into that of his *ſuperiour friend.* He that claims to be Gods friend, muſt in many caſes, either quit his *will*, or his *friend.*

Thou claimeſt *ſalvation by Chriſt.* How vainly, and incongruouſly to the whole *Oeconomy* of that great work, as contrived and effected by him; ſee in theſe *two* things.

1. In *general*, *Chriſt did, doth, will do nothing* in that great work for any man, but according to the *will of God. Lo, I come*, ſaith he, *to do thy will, O God*; thy *Law is within my heart*, *Pſ.* 40.8. *Heb.* 10. 9. and he profeſſes, he came to do, *not his own will*, (much leſs any other perſons) *but the will of him that ſent him*, Joh. 6. 38.

2. In *ſpecial*, All the *Offices* of Chriſt, wherein he works out our ſalvation, are managed according to his *Fathers will.* As a *Prieſt*, he ſacrificed *his will* to his Father, before he offered his *bloud*, *Mat.* 26. 39, 42. As a *Prophet*, he ſpake, *not of himſelf*, but the *words that he ſpake, the Father gave him in Commandment*, and *as the Father ſaid unto him*,

so he spake, Joh. 12. 49, 50. As a *King*, he derives his *Authority* from him that said unto him, *sit thou at my right hand*, Ps. 110. 1. And he received his *Kingdom* by way of *petition* from his Father: *Ask of me, and I will give thee the Heathen for thine Inheritance*, Ps. 2. 8. God *set him as his King upon his holy hill*, v. 6. *made him Lord and Christ*, Acts 2. 36. And answerably, the *saving influence* of all his *Offices* is dispenced in such a *manner*; as renders it utterly impossible for any man to have *benefit* by them, except upon condition of an entire *resignation of his own will* to the *will of God*. The *price of our Redemption*, which he paid for us, as *Priest*, hath *bought us* wholly out of our *own power*, and made us entirely *Gods peculiar*. 1. Cor. 6. 19, 20. And in *suffering for* us, he hath obliged us to imitate and resemble him in his Death: exemplifying it in the *crucifixion* of our *inordinate affections and lusts*, Gal. 5. 24. The *Doctrine*, he hath revealed to us, as the *great Prophet of the Church* (in the whole scope and drift

Λαὸν περιούσιον. Tit. 2. 14.

drift of it) tends to nothing else, but the *modelling* and *moulding* our *hearts* and *lives* according to the declared *will of* God. The *power* he exerciseth over us as *King*, is erected to no other purpose, but to make us a *willing people*, in all points of Christian obedience, *Ps.* 110. 3. The *grace* that he bestows upon us, what is it, but the reparation of *Gods Image* in us; one main part whereof, consists in the conformity of *our wills* to *his*? The *Holy Spirit* which he bestows upon us, what is He to do, but to *lead us* in all dutiful obedience as the *sons of* God, *Rom.* 8. 14. and to *teach* us what to *pray for as we ought*, by *making intercession for us*, *i.e.* by exciting holy desires in us, *according to the will of* God? *v.* 26, 27. The *Covenant of grace*, which he by his *mediation* hath established and ratified, betwixt God and us; when the *Apostle* expounds it, what doth he mention, as one of the main *Articles* in it, but this; that God will *put his Laws into our minds, and write them in our hearts*? *i. e.* reduce our wills to a perfect

conformity to his own, *Heb.* 8. 10?

So that, from all these instances, it is evident, that to *advance our wills into competition with Gods*, & not entirely to conform them to his, *destroys the whole frame of our salvation wrought by Christ*; so that it must be as *inconsistent* a thing to hope to be *saved by Christ*, and yet to design the *reservation* of our own *wills to our selves*, as to expect the *House stand* firm, when we dig up the *foundation* that bears the whole *building*.

And now, let me ask thee, thou peevish, passionate, self-willed Creature, what canst thou so much as *pretend* to free thee from the *shame* of so many absurd, self-condemning inconsistencies, and contradictory absurdities?

Objct. *Object.* Wilt thou say, *thou art willing to submit thy will to Gods, so far as thou canst in reason be satisfied concerning it? But whiles thy Reason dissents, thy will (that is managed according to that which Reason dictates) cannot consent. Such and such particulars in the government of the world, and the managery*

nagery of thine own private concerns, thou canſt not but think, might have been ordered better otherwiſe: & thou hopeſt God will not be angry with thee, if thou reaſon the caſe with him, as *Jeremy* did *chap.* 12. 1. *in order to thine own ſatisfaction.*

Generouſly ſaid, and much like a *Man!* but (I muſt tell thee) too little ſavouring of a *Chriſtian* Thou wouldeſt have God ſatisfie thy *Reaſon*, what *Reaſon* doſt thou mean? thy *carnal Reaſon*? That muſt not be *ſatisfied*, but *ſubdued*, and every λογισμὸς, every νόημα, the ſublime *notions*, and acute *argumentations* of it, muſt be *reduced into captivity to the obedience of Chriſt*, 2 *Cor.* 10. 5. meaneſt thou thy *renewed*, *ſanctified Reaſon*? The very genuine property thereof, is, to be *ſatisfied* in every thing God doth (*eo nomine*) upon no other ground but this, that *he did it*, *Pſ.* 30. 9. The notions that it hath of Gods *wiſdom*, *goodneſs*, *juſtice*, *ſoveraignty*, &c. (before mentioned) are to it inſtead of *all Reaſons* to ſway it into an humble *ſub-*

Anſw.

Sit pro omnibus rationibus, actor Deus. Salv. de Gub. Dei, L. 3.

subjection, yea, *prostration* to his will and pleasure.

Again, Thou wilt have thy *Reason satisfied*. But *when* will that *be?* That *Reason* which Gods *pleasure* will not satisfie, *nothing* else will satisfie; for, besides the *pride* which naturally men take in *censuring*, (especially *their betters*) which alone would produce innumerable cavils; (so that the great *Creator* of the world (as *Tertullian* saies to *Marcian*) would be *able to do nothing*, that would not *yield matter of censure* to these *censores divinitatis*; but upon every turn they would presume to tell him, *sic non debuit Deus, & sic magis debuit*, so he should not have done, and so he might have done better:) I say, besides the *pride* that humane *Reason* would take in *cavilling*, the *self-love* also that is naturally in every man, would (after God had offered the utmost satisfaction) prompt him to hold the *conclusion* pertinaciously, when beaten by the strongest conviction out of both the *premises*, applauding his *own sophistry* above

Quid faceret Creator ne a Marcionitis reprehenderetur. Tert. Adv. Marc. L. 2.

above *Divine demonſtration.*

Laſtly, Thou wouldeſt be dealt with *as a man*, and have *thy Reaſon* ſatisfied. And ſhall God have done, when he hath ſatisfied *thee*? will he not find *all the world* alike deſirous of ſatisfaction with *thee*? And is there not as much *reaſon* for *every one* to deſire it as for *any one*? For, what can be urged, why *thou* ſhouldeſt obtain it, which may not as well be pleaded for *all the men in the world*? If then the *Creator of the world*, ſhall be obliged to ſatisfie *all mankind* in all that he doth, what an *impoſſible task* would this prove? Do not mens *Judgments* differ as much as their *Faces*? and will not that that will *ſatisfie one* upon that account, *diſ-ſatisfie thouſands*?

So, that ſtill thou art *abſurd* in thy *Demands*, and inſtead of being anſwered by *Reaſon*, deſerveſt (as *Job* did when he was much in thy ſtrain) to be *anſwered out of a whirlwind*, Job. 38. 1.

But, thou wilt ſay, it may be, *it is but a ſmall thing that I deſire to be gratified in. I am contented to leave* *Object.*

leave the main government of the world to God; and not only so, but my own particular concerns, as to the substance: and all that I would have submitted to my will, amounts to no more than the alteration of a few circumstances. Losses, I could submit to, but this pincheth me; that they befall me in such an enjoyment, which I could worst spare, in such a manner, such a measure, such a time, by such instruments: And would it not be a small matter for God to gratifie me in these petty things?

Answ. *Mistake* not thy self, friend, in calling this a *small matter*. No;

Magna petis Phaethon, ——

(proud Creature) these are *great* things, far *greater* than thou apprehendest. 'Twas a *great* offer that *Herod* made the *Daughter* of his *Minion Herodias*, when he bad her *ask to the half of his Kingdom*. But thy *demands* herein to thy *God*, are *greater* than his *offer*. For thou askest not *half* only, but the *far better half* of Gods Kingdom. For although *circumstances* in a *metaphysical* consideration, be but

Mar. 6. 23.

small

ſmall things, the meer *garments*, or (leſs it may be) *trimmings* of an *action*: yet in a *moral* conſideration, theſe *garments* are more worth than the *body*, theſe trimmings than the *ſtuff*. For the *circumſtances* here, make a thing what it is. Such an *action*, as God cloaths it with *circumſtances*, is *juſt* and *good*; alter the *circumſtances*, thou altereſt the *nature* of it: as he *circumſtantiates* it, it is the *Phyſick* of thy Soul wiſely compounded for thy cure; let thy private will be but admitted to *leave* out or *alter* one *ſcruple* of the *Ingredients*, and this *Phyſick* will become thy *Poyſon*.

Beſides; be thy *Demands*, as thou fancieſt, but *ſmall*, yet ſtill they are *demands*; and therefore (in this reſpect) *great* matters, becauſe upon the refuſal of them, thou reſolveſt (it ſeems) to hold out the *Fort* of thy *Heart* in *Rebellion* againſt thy *Maker*. The *ſmaller* the *Terms* are in this caſe, the *greater* thy *diſloyalty*, who upon ſuch *ſmall terms* ſuſpendeſt, yea denyeſt thy *Allegiance* to thy *Lord* and *Soveraign*.

raign. Know therefore (for a close of this *point*) that thou art *absurdly impertinent* in all thy pretensions against the *equity* of this Duty, the *resignation of thy will universally to the will of God*. For herein *Heathens* themselves *condemn* thee; thine own avowed *principles* of Christianity *confute* thee; yea, thy own *Reasons* and *Arguments* to the contrary, *militate* against thee. And therefore thou hast nothing more to *do* (if thou wilt not *do amiss*) but to *lie down in thy shame*, and *repent thee* (with holy *Job*, after a like sawcy debate with his Maker) *in dust and ashes*, acknowledging, that thou hast medled with what thou *understoodest not*, and therefore wilt *proceed no farther*, but quietly *lay thy hand on thy mouth*, and (with the brethren in the *Text*) Ἡσυχάζειν, *rest satisfied*, and give *his Will* no farther interruption or disturbance; which brings my *discourse* and awakens your *attention* to the *second* considerable in the *matter* of my *Text*, which comes now to hand.

Jer. 3. 25.

Job. 40. 4, 5. 42. 3, 6.

2. The

2. The *Factum*, or what these brethren *did*, in pursuance of what they *said*, Ἡσυχάσαμεν, *we ceased*. The *word* in the *Original*, is of a great latitude. Ordinarily it is used to express a *quiet*, *silent*, *calm*, and *peaceable deportment*, without the least commotion in ones self, or disturbance of *others*. When *Wars* and *Tumults* are ended in a Nation, that no person contrives or attempts *new broils*, they are by the *Greek Historians*, generally said, ἡσυχάζειν. And in this notion, it may well sute here. While man *desires one* thing, and God *designs another*, there is, as it were a *war* (at least *contest*) betwixt God and him, *whose will shall prevail*; but when we resign *our wills*, and entirely rest in *his*; then we do yield him the *Victory*, and are at *Peace* with him. But there is *more* in it than so. For a *conquered Nation*, may be at *peace*, and free from creating any more *broils*; not from any *satisfaction* in their condition, but from conviction of the *bootlessness* of stirring any more to *alter* it. And therefore the *Etymologists* find some-

2. The *second Branch* the *Factum*.

something also in this *word*, that imports an *inward complacency* and *pleasedness of spirit* in that condition, wherein a man is thus *quiet* and *peaceable*. For they tell us, it comes from Ἡσυχῶ, that signifies *inward satisfaction, delight* and *pleasure*, so that the *Lesson* which it learns us in this latitude, is

Ἡσυχῶ, *quasi* ἡσιν ἔχων.

That he that duly submits to Gods will, doth with unspeakable calmness, tranquility, and satisfaction of mind, acquiesce therein.

2. *Observation.*

A truly *noble*, and Christianly *Heroical* frame of spirit this Doctrine expresseth; which (according to the former *explication* of the *word*) includes *two* things, to be endeavoured and laboured after by all Christians.

Its *Explication*, and *Evidence.*

1. An *inward serenity* and *clearness of mind*, that (like a calm after a storm) doth *motos componere fluctus*, lay all the *waves* that *rumpled* and *ruffled* a mans soul, whether from dissatisfaction of *judgment*, or disorder of *affections*. So that instead of *tumultuating thoughts*, and *tempestuous passions*, there is, in the Soul of man so quieted

Virg.

quieted (what the *Evangelist* tells us Christs increpation reduced the *winds* and *sea* unto, *Mat.* 8. 26.) γαλήνη μεγάλη, *a great calm.* And this, to make it the more plain to you, I shall shew in parts.

1. A mans *Judgment is reconciled to think well* of the doings of God, which before (possibly) he proudly and peremptorily *censured* and *condemned*; and he is satisfied in them, as most just and good: whence the man is *highly pleased* in what *God hath done*; as concluding, that had it been left to *himself* to order, he knew not how to have *mended it* in the *least circumstance*! Thus did *Hezekiah* ἠυχάζετο, *Good*, saith he, *is the word of the Lord which thou hast spoken*; and 'tis remarkable, that this *word* which he owns as *so good*, was a severe threatning of the *Prophet Isaiah* from God, that was to befall his Kingdom and posterity: and yet, he is reconciled to it, in his *Judgment*. And he repeats it again (with the reason of his acquiescence in it with so high a satisfaction.) For he said moreover, *there shall be peace and truth*

in my daies, Is. 38. 8. or (as it is rendred in the parallel place, 2 *Kin.* 20. 19.) *Is it not good, if peace and truth be in my daies?* q. d. *However, the Judgments threatned be severe to my posterity, in whom I am deeply concerned, yet there is more mercy in it than I could have expected, seeing God hath lengthened out the tranquility of his Church and people during my time. I am* (holy Prophet) *conscious of an offence* (*brought home to me by thy ministry*) *which deserved a worse Judgment; and therefore, I am highly pleased that God hath so mitigated his severity. I could not with reason have wished a more moderate correction.* Thus did *David* ἡσυχάζων, when he cries out, *it is good for me that I have been afflicted*, q. d. *I would not for all the world have been otherwise dealt with, than God hath dealt with me, in these my sad and doleful afflictions, and persecutions from* Saul: and he gives a reason of it too, because it *learned him Gods statutes*, *Ps.* 119. 71. and again he speaks his high approbation of Gods severities, *v.* 75. *I know, O Lord, that thy*

thy Judgments are right, and that in much faithfulneſs thou haſt afflicted mee, thou haſt diſcharged the part of a *truſty & faithful friend*, in all that thou *haſt inflicted upon me*. I know I had *been worſe* if I had *fared better*. Had God *gratified my humour*, he had *falſified his Truſt*, his *Covenant*, wherein he ſtands engaged to me, to *give grace and glory, and detain no good thing from me*, *Pſ.* 84. 14. 34. 10. Will you ſee (yet) an *higher approbation* given to God in his ſevereſt Providences? Look on *Job* then: who when God had made him *poor* to a *Proverb*, and that by ſeveral *gradations* and ſucceſſive *advances* of afflicting providences, and thoſe arriving at his knowledge by ſeveral frighted Meſſengers one after another, (which is among men accounted the greateſt addition of torture that can be, to deſtroy a man gradually, that he may *ſentire ſe mori*, be ſenſible of every approach of death diſtinctly) yet he *falls on his face and worſhips the Lord*, and ſaies, *The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken* (he acknowledgeth the juſtice of his proceedings)

ceedings) *he had done him no wrong, to call for his own back again:* (and he proceeds) *I must have left them shortly, for I must have returned naked to the Earth* (*my Mother whence I was taken*) *and God hath but taken them from me a little sooner, Blessed be the name of the Lord.* This *last* now, is an high word, to *bless God* for such *losses*, shews the *judgment to be satisfied* in the inflicting of them, as in the greatest of *Mercies.* Methinks I hear him *descanting* upon this *plain-song* thus. *Blessed be God that hath taken so effectual a course* (*to wean me from the world, and to bring me to an entire acquiescence in himself, for my only portion*) *as this, the leaving me nothing else to rival him in my affections. Blessed be that sharp affliction, which instead of letting out my heart blood, hath only lanced an Imposthume. Blessed be the name of the Lord that hath taken from me the rack, and strappado of my anxious thoughts, the fewel of my lusts, the snares of my heart, the canker of my graces, the matter of my temptations,*

tations, the clogg of my holy affections, the thief of my devotions, the barr and wall of partition betwixt my ſoul, and its full, entire, and ſatisfactory communion with God. Thus high goes the ſatisfaction of the judgment, in this Ἡσυχία, or calm ſerenity of Soul, *acquieſcing in Gods will.*

2 And the *Affections* in this caſe are not behind hand; being (not only from a *ſtrong tide* of oppoſition to the will of God (it may be) reduced to a *dead water*; but) by a *contrary Tide* (occaſioned by the *moving of Gods holy ſpirit upon* them) turned back, and made to run in the ſame ſtream with it, neither do they (as they ſay *ſome ſwift Rivers* do, that paſſing through *great Lakes* keep their own waters *unmixed*) *reſerve* any thing of their *own*; but *mingle* themſelves entirely with that *Ocean* of *infinite perfections* into which they are *ſwallowed.* So, that let *God* do *what he will*, ſuch a ſoul *loves* him *entirely*, *deſires* him *affectionately*, *truſts* and *hopes* in him *ſecurely*, *delights* in him *ſatisfactorily*;

ctorily; and (on the *other* side) *grieves* for nothing but *offending him*, *fears* nothing but that it *may offend him* again, is *angry* at nothing but its own foolish *prejudices*, and *hard thoughts* of him, for which it could even *tear it self piece-meal*, out of a just indignation; *befooling* and *be-beasting* it self, for tumultuating against him, *Ps.* 73. 22. *&c.* And hence ariseth that strange ἡδυπάθεια, or *Christian Epicurism*, (if I may so call it) wherein the ravished Soul can do (that which *Epicurus* only vaunted of) cry out even in *Phalaris* his *Bull*, *Quam dulce! O how sweet and pleasant, and delicious* are the *greatest afflictions!* so the *Apostle James*, *Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations*: and the other *Apostle* speaks of it as a thing of common experience; both *his own*, *I take pleasure*, εὐδοκῶ, find *high complacency and satisfaction* in varieties of grievous sufferings, 2 *Cor.* 12. 10. and *his brethrens* also, as he witnesseth, *Rom.* 5. 3. *We* (not I only, but I, and my fellow-Christians) καυχώμεθα, *glory*, *crow*, *and*

and triumph in tribulations. Thus *ſerene* and *calm* is the Soul, when it ſatisfactorily reſts in Gods will.

2. It implies alſo an *outward teſtification* of this *inward ſerenity and calmneſs of mind*, and that in all our carriages and deportments. A mans very *countenance* witneſſeth the *complacency* of the heart in Gods *good pleaſure*. It doth not *fall* and lowre, with *Cains*, out of *wrath*, and high indignation againſt God, *Gen.* 4. 5. No *fire* of anger ſparkles in the *eies*; no *wrinkles* of care, ſollicitouſneſs and forethought furrow the *brows*; no melancholly *paleneſs*, or vexing *leanneſs* disfigures the *cheeks*: but the *merry heart* (as *Solomon* ſaies) *makes a cheerful countenance*, *Prov.* 15.13. and the *light* and *health* that is in *that* (*Job.* 29. 24. *Pſ.* 42.9.) ſpeaks the ſound and healthy conſtitution of the *Soul* that ſhines through it. For *Index animæ vultus*; the face is the minds interpreter.

The *Tongue*, is not only *bound* to the *good behaviour*, as to all expreſſions of diſcontent and diſ-

pleasure, as *Davids* was, *Ps.* 39. 9. but contrarily, *enlarged*, and set at *liberty* to *sound forth the high praises of God*, and *bless him* (as *Job*) in the greatest afflictions, *in every thing giving thanks*, 1 *Thes.* 5. 18. and *glorifying him even in the Fires*, Is. 24. 5.

Lastly, the very *gestures*, *carriages*, and *deportments* of the whole *body*, testify that the *spirit* is *lightsome*, *debonaire*, and free from all such *black* and *clowdy thoughts* as usually derive an unpleasing *gloominess*, and lowring *sullenness* into the whole *conversation*. So *David*, when *God* had declared his Will in reference to his *Child*, by and by alters the whole Garb of his conversation, *washeth his cloaths*, and *annoints himself*, and *changeth his apparel*, and *eats* and *drinks* as formerly, 2 *Sam.* 12. 20.

Application. You will say, this is an high pitch of perfection indeed, and very desirable, but yet such, as it may be questionable, whether it be *possible* to be attained, and so consistent either with *nature* or *duty*? For, is it *naturally possible* so totally

tally to cast off *humanity*, whiles we live here below, as not to be affected with any the sinless *softnesses*, and *imbecilities* of it? And did our *saviour* himself so far comply with them, as frequently to express a *sense* of *humane infirmities*? Besides, it being not only lawful, but a duty in us, to *fear* when God *threatens*, and *grieve* when he *smites*; does not this carriage seem to import a *stoical Apathy*, betwixt which and *Christian Patience* there is a confessed *Antipathy*? Nay, *lastly*, where the affliction is extraordinarily oppressing, how extreamly difficult is it for the most resolved Saint so to mortifie the *very excesses* incident to *lapsed nature*, as to keep *within* any *distance* in this holy *race* to those high *examples* but now mentioned; so that in us to be contented to fall *beneath* them seems a *becoming humility*?

I *Answer*, that, notwithstanding whatever in this kind is or may be objected, that which I have been speaking of, is secure from danger. For,

1. As

1. As to the *sinless resentments* of *nature*, I grant it neither *possible* nor *lawful* wholly to *put* them *off*, and therefore require not of any man so to do; only I forbid them to *obstruct* any *operation of Grace*, which if they *do*, they cease to be *sinless*.

2. A *due sensibleness of Gods afflicting hand*, if joined (as it ought to be) with a *due consideration* of our *own deserts*, is not only *consistent* with, but also highly *conducing* to that highest degree of *Acquiescence* in Divine *Providence* which I am treating of, and so militates for my *Hypothesis*; and

Lastly, The *total mortification of the sinful redundancies of natural passion*, though confessed to be extreamly *difficult*, is also confessedly a *Duty*, and (by consequence) gradually *attainable*: and so, seeing in the *Saints* mentioned it appears a perfection *actually acquired*, we are not to impute it to *special priviledge* that they acquired it, but to *Gods blessing* upon their *holy endeavours*; and make their *examples* a spur to our *industry*,

duſtry, accounting whatever diſſwades us from it, nothing elſe but *ſluggiſhneſs* in an *humble diſguiſe*. And therefore *diſ-hearten* not thy *endeavours* by forcaſting *impoſſibilities*. For, as *Epictetus* encourageth the young *Candidate* of his *Philoſophy*, whom he had ſtartled with the eminent example of *Socrates*, by telling him, that *in the practiſe of the principles he lays down*, Socrates *became what he was*, and that *though he be not yet a* Socrates, *yet by aiming and deſigning to become a* Socrates, *and living anſwerably to thoſe aims, he might in time arrive at the ſame perfection with him*: ſo do I encourage thee, *Deſpair not of reaching to the high perfections of* Job, David, Hezechiah, *and other eminent Saints; for thou mayeſt in time come to be ſuch an one as they were, if thou wilt live and do as becomes one who intends to be ſo.*

Σωκράτης ἦν καὶ ἀπατελεύθη, &c. Σὺ δὲ, εἰ μὴ πω εἶ Σωκράτης, ὡς Σωκράτης γὲ εἶναι βελόμενος ὀφείλεις βιῶν. Ench. C. 75.

My *next buſineſs*, therefore, ſhall be to give thee ſuch *Directions*, by the practiſe whereof thou mayeſt *advance towards*, and in time *arrive at* this noble *pitch*. *Directions.*

1. *Firſt*,

1. *First*, then, thou must *Love God sincerely*, not only for what thou *receivest* and *expectest* from him, but also, and principally, for what thou *seest* and accordingly *adorest* in him. And labour to improve the *Love* thou hast for him into an *intimate acquaintance and friendship* with him. For hereby thou wilt grow so far satisfied in him, that thou wilt be assured he neither *can* nor *will* order any thing that befalls thee otherwise than may stand with thy *best advantage*; thy heart will *rest securely* in him; and thou wilt not find a place in thy bosom for *suspicion* or *censure* of any thing he doth; yea, thou wilt be studious to *please* and *approve* thy self to him in *all things*; and think *nothing* thou hast too *dear* for him to dispose of at his pleasure, which he will vouchsafe to *call for* or *make use* of; but rather, (as we use to express our selves to our *intimate friends* when they have occasion for any thing in our possession) thou wilt tell him from thy heart, that *thou art heartily glad*

thou

thou hadst it for him.

2. *Interpret Gods providences candidly.* Take every thing from him by the *best Handle.* If any *better* construction than other can be made of his dealings, take hold of *that*, and therewithal silence thy *passionate prejudices* and *miss-representations* that art apt to mislead thee. What a *false glass* is to a *beautiful face*, and the *moved water* to a *streight staff*, that is *prejudicate opinion* to the *best* of *Gods Actions.* There is a *rare Beauty* in all *Providences* as *God* orders *them*, *Eccles.* 3. 11. do you but *hang them* in a *good light*, and *wipe* your *eies* from all *infectious tinctures* of prepossession, and they will appear no less amiable to *you*, than they are in *themselves.*

Πᾶν πρᾶγμα δυὸ ἔχει λαβάς, τὴν μὲν φορτὴν τὴν δὲ ἀφόρητον. *Epict. C.* 65.

3. *Desire moderately*, For what we have an *immoderate appetite* unto, as the *Israelites to flesh*, *Num.* 11. 13. and an *inordinate longing* for, as *Rachel* for *Children*, *Gen.* 30. 1. we are apt to *over-expect*: what we *over-expect*; if we attain it, we are prone to *over-love*, and if we *miss of attaining* it, or *lose* it again

again when *attained*, to *overgrieve*. And then do our *discontents* advance themselves upon our *disappointments*, and an *hundred* to *one*, if (while in our unbounded passions, we *fling about* us like *enraged beasts*) we dash not some *dirt* in the face of *God* the *Author*, as well as on the *persons* and *things* which he makes use of as the *Instruments* of our *Defeats*. No man knows what a *black train* of *daring impieties* may be at the heels of any *inordinate desire*; even such, as if he were told of before, that is most favourable to himself, when transported to them, he would *bless himself* from the very *thought* of them.

4. *Maintain a noble and heroical Faith in God*, both concerning the affairs of *this life*, so far as they fall under Divine *Promises*, and those of the *Life* to *come*. And because the *security* you have for *both* is not *alike*, you must principally fix your confidence in that which relates to your *Souls* and their *concernments*; and then having raised a *well grounded assu-*

rance

rance concerning *them*, you will the more easily quench those *sparks of unbelief* which are apt to disquiet you in reference to *affairs* of an *inferiour nature*. For he that can *depoſite his ſoul* with *God*, being aſſured (with the bleſſed Apoſtle, 2 *Tim.* 1. 12.) that he will φυλάξαι τὴν παραθήκην, *keep that important pledge* faithfully; will easily *truſt* and *acquieſce* in him for *all other things*. For will any man *diſtruſt* him for *Counters*, whom he *intruſts* with *Gold* and *Pearls*? And hence it will follow, that the more nobly and generouſly your *Faith* in all things *reſts in God*, the more full and clear will your *ſatisfactions* be *concerning him* in all his dealings; ſo that you will not be easily *ſhaken* in your *expectations* from him, or *debauched* into *miſconſtructions* of him; yea, *love*, *joy*, and *delight* in him, will act as high as our *Faith*, even in defiance of all appearing *contradictions* and *impoſſibilities*. So was it with the Church, *Hab.* 3. 17, 18. *Although the Fig-tree ſhall not bloſſom, neither ſhall fruit be in the Vine, the labour*

labour of the Olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no heard in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.

5. *Remember what you have received from God gratefully*, and *compare* it with what you *want, or lose*; which if you do, you will find (upon account) a *thousand mercies*, it may be, to *one* or *two* inconsiderable *crosses*. What the *Moralist* tells us is the too common fault of *Ambition*, that, *non respicit*, it looks with *envy* at those *few* that are before, but never looks back with *gratitude* at those *many* that in the Princes favour *come behind*; thou mayest observe to be the fault of thy *discontent*, it doth not *respicere*, not look *back* upon the *many mercies* bestowed, or the *many* other *crosses* escaped, but only *forward*, upon that *one mercy* or *cross*, which it *desires* or *eschews*. Could we keep an exact account of the *various dealings* of God with us all our life long, and *confront*

front his *afflicting* with his *obliging* providences, we ſhould find abundance of cauſe to acknowledge even the moſt *miſerable* term of life, to be fuller of *mercies* than *miſeries*; as the *Poet* tells us, that whoſo compares the *fair* and *foul* daies of a year together,

——— *Inveniet plures ſolibus eſſe dies,* *Ovid.*

will find the *fair* daies to exceed in number. *Set the one againſt the other* (as *Solomon* ſaies of the *daies of adverſity* and *proſperity*, *Eccleſ.* 7. 14.) and thou *wilt find nothing after him* to carp or quarrel at. He that will *give God thanks* for what he hath *taken*, muſt (according to *Jobs* order) firſt conſider what he hath *given*, *Job.* 1. 21.

6. *State your own condition juſtly*, not meaſuring it by *Phantaſie*, but right *Reaſon*. *Opinion* makes moſt men miſerable, who would *not be ſo*, did they not *conceive* themſelves *to be ſo*. Whence *Epictetus* (often before mentioned) adviſeth us to ſay to all the moſt frightful evils, φαντασία εἶ, καὶ πάντως τὸ φαινόμενον, *thou that appeareſt ſo ſcaring a thing, art not the evil indeed*

Tam miſer eſt quiſque quam credit. Sen. Ep. 78. Ench. cap. 5.

that thou seemest to be; *but the spectrum, the phantasm, the apparition thereof.* It is true, (which the *Stoick* will not allow) that *sickness, poverty, disgrace, loss of Friends, pain* and *death*, are not, as he saies, meer *Phantasms* of *evil*, for they are *really* and *indeed evils*: but thus far his words have an undoubted truth in them, that our *opinion* makes them *greater evils* by far than they *be*, the *shape* in which our abused *phantasie* beholds *them* is

—— *Vera major Imago,*

far *biggar* and more *dismal*, than that which properly *belongs to them.* But here is the misery; we by our *phantasies* dress the evils we have to do with (like *whiflers*) in the most *terrible visors* that may be, and then, forgetting that they are the *creatures* of our own *imagination*, we suffer our selves to be affrighted with them.

Yea, commonly, we commit a *grosser absurdity* than this is, whiles we suffer our selves to be abused into sad disorders and distempers of spirit, by the meer *opinions* of *others.*

others. How easie a thing it is to make a *melancholly* man *sick* indeed, by confidently *perswading* him that he is *so*, experience hath evidenced in divers instances. And the like *fallacy*, is ordinarily put upon us by the *vulgar opinion* of those things which befal us, which makes us think worse of what we undergo, than our *own reason* (yea or *sense*) otherwise, would pronounce. Now, in all such cases, we must *strip* all those affrighting evils which so disturb us, of whatever, *opinion* (our *own* or *others*) hath *cloathed* them withall; and after so doing, judge of *them* by the dictates of sound *Reason* informed from the *Scripture*. And then, that *providence* of God towards us which in a *disguise* looked like a *Devil*, when *stripped* of it, will appear a *good Angel*; and instead of *running from its gripes*, we shall *run into its embraces*.

Nemo aliorum sensu miser est, sed suo. Salv. de G. D. 1.

7. *Mind your work* that God hath laid out for you to do, *seriously* and *industriously*. For, what one saies of *Love*, is true of *discontent* and *dissatisfaction* in Gods proceeed-

Σχολαζάντων ἀσχολίαι, Diog. apud Laert. L. 6.

ings; it is *otiosorum negotium*, the business of unbusied souls, who have the more *leasure* to mind their *wants* and *losses*, because they *make holy-day* from their *work*. Whereas he that minds his great business of *Eternity* seriously, will rub through with mean accommodations here, and be so sollicitous to prevent *the loss of his own Soul*, that no *other loss* will much affect him.

8. *Hold the scales even*, in these 4 *Comparisons*.

1. Betwixt *God* and your *selves*, I mean not only in his infinite *wisdom* laid against your *folly*, his infinite *justice* against your fond and unjust *partiality*, his infinite *goodness* against your *badness*, his infinite *greatness* against your *meanness*: but also in the collation of his *dealings* with your own *deservings*. A judgment duly poised, will alwaies find *sin* outweigh *suffering*: and instead of upbraiding God with its *merits*, find cause in abundance to deprecate its *demerits*. He that *imputes sin to himself* will not dare, whatever he suffer,

ſuffer, to *impute the leaſt hard or injurious dealing to God*: but will patiently *bear what he can find none ſo juſtly to blame for as himſelf*, as ſaies *Tertullian*. Conſidering that whatever a *ſinner* ſuffers, that is *leſs* than *Hell*, is ſo much *leſs* than he *deſerves*: ſo *caſie* a burthen is that which *hurts* us only in *this world*, in compariſon with that which will *damn us to Eternity*, that is, *ſuffering* than *ſin*! There is not a more quieting conſideration in the world, than this duly applyed; that, (as one well ſaies) *whatever, and how great ſoever our miſeries are, our ſins are greater.*

Patienter obimus quod nobis imputamus. De Pat.

Facile eſt quicquid in præſenti ſæculo nocet; illud grave quod in æternitate jugulabit. L. 2. Salv. ad Ecl. La.

Nontam miſeri quam mali G. D. L 1.

2. Betwixt *your ſelves* and *others*, whether compared as *men*, or as *Chriſtians*. He that compares himſelf *as a man* with *other men*, will find this *allay* to his ſufferings, that he ſuffered nothing but in *company*, nothing, but what is ἀνθρώπινον, *common to humanity*, 1 *Cor.* 10.13. And an *Heathen* will tell him then, that *no mans ſhoulders are too good to be laid under a common burthen.* And *another* will acquaint him, that *it is ridiculous for any one to*

Ferre quam ſortem patiuntur omnes, Nemo recuſat. Sen. in Troad. *Queri, quod ſpargaris in publico ridiculum.* Sen. Ep. 107.

complain that he is dashed with dirt in a publick Road, where all Travellers must look to fare alike.

But if we compare our selves with others, as *Christians* (except pride and self-conceitedness do miserably delude us) it will be a great *abatement* to our vexation, that we shall find abundance of *better men* than our selves faring *worse*, and the *greatest Saints* oftentimes the *greatest sufferers*.

3. Betwixt the *happiness* which you *enjoy in God*, and that which in *other things* you are either *denyed* or *deprived* of. When *Hannah* complains to *Elkanah* her *Husband* of her barrenness, he thinks it a sufficient consideration to qualify her discontent, that she enjoyed *in him* a mercy *better than ten sons*, 1 *Sam.* 1. 8. And may not *thy God* with much more reason stop thy quarrelling mouth, when thou complainest of thy losses in *Creature-comforts*, with a *question* of a like nature, *Am not I better to thee than ten, yea, than ten thousand such children, Wives, Friends, Estates?* He that, notwithstanding

all his losses, hath a *God still*, may assure himself that (to allude to the *Poets consolation* of his cheated friend) *he is too rich to be undone*, though the whole *Creation* fail him at *once*. He that can say with *David*, *thou art my portion, O Lord*, *Ps.* 119. 57. will have cause to say with *Jacob* too. *I have enough, yea, I have all*, *Gen.* 33. 11. and (by consequence) will not think it reasonable to be over-troubled at what *his God* takes from him, be it what it will, whiles, *though* (as Saint *Austin* saith) *he hath taken away his gifts, he hath not taken away the Giver*. Upon which consideration, the *Psalmist* plucks up his spirits, and recovers himself out of a deep and dangerous discontent, *Ps.* 73. 25. *&c.* and elsewhere *comforted himself* in a woful extremity, 1. *Sam.* 30. 6. In a word, the *least advantage* that can be made of this meditation, cannot be *less* than the *suppressing unruly passion for a while*, upon this consideration, that *to give it the bridle* upon any *other* loss is the ready way to endanger the *loss*

—*Nec, tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris Jactura te mergat onus.* — Juv. sat. 13.

יש לי כל

Non est ablatus qui dedit, quamvis ablatum fuerit quod dedit. In Ps. 32.

of him (as to the sense of his favour) who is infinitely *better than all things* else.

4. And *lastly*, betwixt that which you *hope to enjoy hereafter*, and the *utwost* of *what you can endure here*. And in this comparison, the *Apostle* holding the *balance of the Sanctuary*, hath already turned the *scale* to your hands in that notable Text, *Rom.* 8. 18. *I reckon* (saith he) *that the sufferings of this life* (indefinitely) *are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed*. And again, 2 *Cor.* 4. 17. *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us an hyper-hyperbolical and eternal weight of glory*. Where he laies a *feather* in *one* scale, and a *mountain* in the *other*, yea, — *Pelion Ossæ*, heaps *Mountain* upon *Mountain*, *hyperbole* upon *hyperbole*, to set out the vast disproportion betwixt *our greatest possible afflictions*, and our *far greater certain expectations*.

Καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν αἰώνιον βάρος.

In a word (to shut up this Point) consider, that he that is the ἀγωνοθέτης, who appoints the work, and gives the rewards of Patience; that great

great *God*, (who (as *Tertullian* saies) is *idoneus Patientiæ sequester*, the fittest *Trustee* in the world with whom to depositt the *Prizes* which that noble Grace *runs* for) sees and observes, how you *run this Race that is now set before you*, *Heb.* 12. 1. and will, if you acquit your selves gallantly, *honour you here*, as well as *crown you hereafter*; as appears from the *second general Part* of my *Text* which comes now to challenge a brief dispatch, *viz.*

De Patientia.

II. The *Form*, which consists in the *historical narration*, upon sacred *Record*, of what these *Brethren said* and *did*, under so great a Trial. Whence we learn *two* things by way of *Corollary*.

The *second* general *Part* of the *Text.*

1. *That we had need to take heed that in our Afflictions we do not, under the observation of Gods critical eie* (who gave order to his Penman *Saint Luke* to record this passage, and thereby *records himself* an exact observer how his Saints bear Crosses) *mis-behave our selves any way*; whether in *heart*, by pride, discontent, displeasure,

Corollary 1.

pleasure, and secret murmurings against him or his proceedings; or *in language*, whiles such expressions slip through the ἕρκος ὀδόντων (as *Homer* calls it) that *fence of teeth*, within which our *Tongue* is by nature *intrenched*, as travel without the *Pass* of *Reason*, and *Religion*; such as *bewray* our *own* irregular Passions, or *provoke other mens*; or in *cariage* and *demeanour*, behaving our selves *like a wild Bull in a Net*, *Is.* 51. 20. or as the *troubled Sea that casteth up mire and dirt*, *Is.* 57. 20. or rather like the *raging Dæmoniack*, *Mar.* 9. 18. but in a calm, sedate, and submissive manner govern our thoughts, words, and actions, as those who in Christian *patience possess our own souls*, having not surrendred them to any inordinate passion, *Luke* 21. 19. and are able to *manage* that unruly beast, which if he can *fling* us, will *trample us* under his *feet*.

Corollary 2. 2. And *secondly*, That *it cannot but be well-pleasing to God, if we also make the like observations of the gallant speeches and actions of his heroical Saints in the like occur-*

occurrences, or otherwiſe. For, ſurely, he that not only *obſerved himſelf*, but alſo took order to *tranſmit* to poſterity what *theſe Chriſtians ſaid* and *did* in ſo notable an exigence, herein gives us an *example* beyond *exception*. And it may be of ſingular *uſe* to us to follow it, upon a *double* account.

Partly, that we may our ſelves be excited to an *holy emulation*, and ſtriving to *imitate* them, as concluding that poſſible to be done again, which hath been done already, *Heb.* 6. 12. and 13. 7. yea and ſtraining our utmoſt abilities to exceed them; to attempt to write fairer than the faireſt copy ſet us by them, and (as thoſe who run in a Race) ſtrive moſt of all to *conquer thoſe* who have *won former prizes*.

And *partly*, that we may *declare* and *publiſh* to the *glory* of God and the *excitation* of others, their *vertues* and *graces*, when any opportunity of *doing good* thereby is offered unto us.

And

And thus, you see, I have improved my *Text* (by a just *consequence*) to serve me instead of an *Apology* for my *next* and *last undertaking*, to *wit*, the presenting you with such *observables* concerning the *Life* and *Death* of this *precious elect Lady*, whom we are now met to Interr, as I have been able by utmost enquiry to gather up from *those* who have known her *down-sitting and up-rising* for many years together; and some of them *curious observers* of her, as a *choice Piece*, from her *Cradle* to her *Grave*. And I the rather credit the *particulars*, *partly*, because I know the *Relators* to be so *judicious*, as to be *able* to make their observations with due *discretion*; and so *conscientious* withall, as not to dare willingly to *abuse* me and the world with an *officious falsehood*; and *partly*, because those things which I have learned from them, do so exactly correspond with that *Idea* of her, which (from some *personal knowledge*) I had before conceived in my *own breast*.

I

I know, (as Saint *Austin* in another case saith) that this *precious Saint* now in bliss, *laudes nec quærit nec curat humanas*, neither *needs* nor *regards* humane praises; yea, and I knew, that her *singular modesty* (while she *lived*) seemed to carry on a constant *Plot* by way of *prevention*, against the *service* I am about to do her, in a *studied concealment* of her great *worth*. But yet, seeing *God* hath not suffered it altogether to escape the notice of those *that conversed with her* (being not pleased, it seems, that so *noble a Soul*, though desiring it never so much, should *travel* through the world *incognito*) I account it my duty to follow his *providence* therein, and publish that to *others*, for a more *universal benefit*, which he, for their *particular advantage*, was pleased to make *some* privy unto. And especially having so clear a *warrant* for what I do, from his own word, *HONORANTES ME HONORABO* (which, from his mouth, this *Ladies* noble *Ancestors* have transcribed into their *hereditary Coat of Arms*) *those that honour*

August. Epist. Cornel.

honour me, I wil honour, 1 *Sam.* 2. 30. Whom, therefore, he hath said *he will honour*, we have cause to conclude it will be acceptable to him, if *we honour* them too.

A *Narrative* of divers particulars of note in this *excellent Ladies* Life and Death.

And in the *first* place, I think it fit my *Account* of her should *begin* from the very *beginning* of that happy *Race* which she hath now *finished*. I know it belongs to the *Herald*, not the *Preacher*, to search *Pedigrees*; and I know moreover, that it is the *least* of commendations, which yet is *all* that some have to commend them, to be *nobly descended*. I am of his mind that said,

Ovid Met. — *Genus, & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipsi, Vix ea nostra voco,*

that *honour* descending from *Ancestors* can hardly be called *Ours*; and

Seneca Ep. 44. of the *Moralists*, who tells us, that *Nemo in nostram gloriam vixit, nec quod ante nos fuit, nostrum est:* that true *honour* is *contemporary* to him that hath it, not to be *born* in *one age*, and *worn* in *another*. But yet, as a sparkling *Diamond* shines with more advantage, when set in *Gold*; so do *personal vertues* receive

ceive much external additament of luſtre, when the *perſon* in whom they are, *is*, *ex meliore luto*, of a more *noble extraction*. And indeed men generally love to trace *famous Rivers* to their *Fountains*, which *Heathen Antiquity* alwaies honoured with a kind of *Divinity*, for bleſſing the world with ſo plentiful and laſting a ſucceſſion of beneficial ſtreams.

The *deſcent*, therefore, of this *precious Lady* was from an eminently *noble* Family, the *Houſe of Huntingdon*; the *Earldom* whereof hath continued ſo long in the name of *HASTINGS*, that by meer *Age* it hath worn out moſt of thoſe that *preceded* in the *Catalogue* of *Engliſh Earls*; and now, in the *Perſon* of her hopeful *Brother*, ſets its foot upon the *ſeaventh Round* from the very *Top* of that *ſcale of Honour*. And yet this *humble Lady*, whiles ſhe lived, made ſo *little reckoning* thereof, that ſhe was never known either in word or carriage to ſhew any *elation of ſpirit* upon that account, which would have tempted many others, to divers

vers disdainful and insolent extravagancies. Nor was she ever observed discontentedly to behold her self exceeded by the *affected pomps* of *Equipage* and *Retinue* of divers inferiour to her in Quality; as desiring not to contend with any in so *extravagant a vanity*, as that, which besides its *offensiveness to others*, would be needlesly *burdensome* to her *Husband*. Yea, when her *Husband* sometimes modestly excused the *tenuity* of the *condition* she had espoused (by *marrying* where she found an *Heir in being* to a great part of the *Estate*) in comparison of *what* she *descended from*; she would interrupt that discourse with *professing the high satisfaction she took to find her self in such a state of life, wherein she had both liberty and assistance to all works of severe Piety, and withall, the addition of an honourable and comfortable worldly competency*. The consideration whereof hath prevailed with me to pass over *this head* with so *slight a touch*. And yet I could not but *touch it, partly*, for the lasting *honour* of that *noble Family*,

Family, to which it may be ſome acceſſion, to have yielded the world ſo *eminent an example* of all manner of *vertue*; and *partly*, that in ſo *notable an Inſtance*, this dreggy age of ours (baſe enough indeed *of it ſelf*, but withall, too much *ſowred* into a *contempt of nobility* by the ſcandalous debaucheries of too many *nobilia portenta*, (as *Valerius Maximus* calls the degenerous Iſſue of the famous old *Romans*) whoſe *noble extractions* ſerve for nothing elſe, but to make their *vices* more *notable*) may be convinced, that, at leaſt, *ſome noble ones are called*, 1 *Cor.* 1. 26. and that *vertue* and *grace* may be *grafted* on a *ſtock* of *Honour*; the ſame perſon being (as St. *Auſtin* ſaid of *Demetrias*) both *nobilis genere*, and *nobilior ſanctitate*, ennobled by the *firſt birth*, but more by the *ſecond*; having both that nobility that is ἐξ αἱμάτων, & that which is ἐκ πνεύματος, that *blood* in the *veins* which is extracted from many *noble* and *Princely Families*, and that *grace* in the *heart*, which is no leſs than *ſemen Dei*, the ſeed of God

Epiſt. ad Prob. & Julian.

ceived from the *regeneration of the Holy Ghost*.

Her *Education*, (under which I comprise the *greatest part* of her *time*, for she was not much above a *year* a *Wife*) was in a *School*, or rather *Academy* of *Learning*, and Nursery of *Vertue*; I mean, the constant inspection and converse of her *watchful Mother*, the *now Countess of Huntingdon*, from whose *great Parts* and *Graces*, she received in her soul that *vis plastica* which formed her into so eminent, a both *Woman* and *Christian*. Under *her*, she enjoyed an *education* (for the most part) in a *religious retiredness*, which she hath often *blessed God for, as that which not only secured her from the knowledge of any vice* by *domestical example* (no such thing daring to shew it self under that noble Ladies Government) *but also removed her from the very news of what evils were acted abroad*; so that she had the happiness, *Neque Pelopidarum facta, neque nomen audire*, to be ignorant of the viciousness of other great personages, even by hearsay.

—Citius nos corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica. Juv. Sat.

And

And as for those *Principles* that might qualify her for a vertuous life; as she had the opportunity of learning them from the *practises* of those she conversed withall, so also (and chiefly thence) from the *grave instructions* of her said *Lady-Mother*; who, that the whole *compass of her duty* might be the more firmly impressed into *memory*, took the pains to digest all the parts of it into *Verse*, whereby she both *consecrated* an *excellent vein of Poetry* of her *own*, and in the most facile manner insinuated them into the hearts and heads of both *her*, and her *Lady-Sisters*.

Whence it is the less to be wondred at, that she found *her comfort* in all of them to grow with *their years*; but especially in *this Lady*, who had a Soul so pliable and ductile to receive the *impressions* of so excellent a *stamp*, as appeared by the proportionable improvements which she attained in *every stage* of her *Life*, as we come now to relate.

And *first*, For her *Child-hood*, (though I know *Tully* is reported

Est res difficilis laudare puerum, &c. In fragm.

to have said, *that it is the most difficult undertaking in all Oratory to commend a child, because the most that can be said in such a case*, is rather, *spes* than *res*, matter of *future expectation*, than *present existence*; yet) I shall tell you those *realities* even of that *tender Age*, as had something of *rare excellency* in them, besides the *presage* of what they promised for the *future*. It is noted as a rare thing in *young Timothy*, by Saint *Paul* himself, that ἀπὸ βρέφους, *from a very suckling, he had known the holy Scriptures*, 2 *Tim.* 3. 15. and from that *precocious piety* it is no wonder if we hear of certain προάγουσαι περσπλείαι, *prophetical predictions* that ushered him into the worlds observation as he grew up, 1 *Tim.* 1. 18. *ghessis* (it is likely) what so *pregnant a Child* would grow to in time. Nor was it less noted in this *excellent Lady*, how early the *seeds* of true *piety* and *devotion* put forth, not only into *blade*, but *blossom* also and *fruit*: insomuch, that ἀπὸ βρέφους too, such *impressions of the fear of God* possessed her heart,

heart, as made her a *diligent performer of Religious Duties*, and a *ſtrict obſerver of the Lords Day*, to a degree of *exactneſs* beyond *moſt perſons*, and yet not *beyond the Rule*, *Iſ.* 58. 13. inſomuch that ſhe would neither *diſcourſe*, nor willingly *hear others diſcourſing* of any *common* or *ordinary matters* on *that day*. And as ſhe grew into *more capacity*, ſo to this *negative* ſtrictneſs, ſhe added a *poſitive* conformity to the rules of *ſevereſt godlineſs* in this particular; not only *hearing the word preached*, but digeſting it by *meditation* and *conference* into her daily *converſation*; being no leſs ſtudious, on *that day* eſpecially, to learn the *myſteries of practical godlineſs*, than in thoſe of the *reſt* of the *week*, to furniſh her ſelf with what other knowledge tended to a *civil accompliſhment*.

She was alſo from her *Infancy* very *conſcientiouſly dutiful and obedient* to her *Parents*, even to the very *ſmalleſt punctilios* wherein ſhe had the *leaſt intimation* of their *pleaſure*. Inſomuch that her *Lady-*

Mother upon a special occasion, perceiving her, from the mis-apprehension of an *advice* she gave her, *more affected* than she *desired*; was fain to *expound her self* to her, and give her a *Key* wherewith to *uncypher her bosom* for the future, by telling her, that *sundry things which she had spoken to her, were never intended as peremptory commands, but only as advices and counsels, which, in things of indifferency must not be over-strained*, which considered, gains a sufficient credit to that which I have been credibly informed, that her *Lady-Mother* hath been heard to say, that *she was the child that never offended her in her life.*

As she *grew up*, she was observed to be of a *precise justice*, and *exactness to her word*; which that she might the better be, (seeing it is seldom known that they that *observe not what they speak*, are very *observant of what they speak*) she was very *circumspect* in, and very *sparing* and *thrifty* of *discourse*; a quality, that undoubtedly kept her from *much sin* (which the wise man

man tells us *wanteth not in multitude of words, Prov.* 10. 19.) and contributed much to her *perfection*, which the Apostle *James* tells us, doth much consist in the *Government* of that *unruly member, the tongue, Jam.* 3. 2. I have read in Saint *Austin*, of a passage quoted from *Tully*, wherein he commends *one* that he knew, for *never having spoken any thing which he wished unspoken*, upon which the *Father* descants thus. *It may*, saith he, *be understood in a more or less favourable sense: for* (as he goes on) *a fool may be capable of this commendation, who, though he speaks many things fit to be recalled, yet understands not so well what he saies, as to recal any thing: but* (saith he) *if it be taken in the most favourable sense, concerning one that, knowing what he saies, saies nothing that he wishes unsaid afterwards, it agrees to none so well as to those who spake by divine Inspiration. For my part* (he proceeds) *this is far from being my commendation.* For, *angit me plane Horatiana sententia nescit vox missa*

Nullum unquam verbum, quod revocare vellet, emisit. Aug. Ep. 7. Marc.

missa reverti: it is my trouble, that wishing will not render many of my words unuttered. I am sure *most of us* have cause to partake with that good *Father* in his *Confession*. But as for this *exact Lady*, she took the readiest course to arrive at *Tullies* character in the *best sense*, by doing what *Seneca* adviseth, *speaking much with her self, but little with others.* Insomuch that a *noble person* of a very *discerning Judgment*, and no less *severe a Piety*, who had the advantage of being a witness to almost all her Life, hath been heard to say, that *she believed such a person* (naming her) *had the least account to give for words of any one that she knew.* And yet did she not bind her tongue thus to the behaviour for want of *abilities* to discourse, or *matter* to discourse of. For she was of *great intellectual accomplishments*, and those improved by much *secular learning*, as sufficed to enable her to converse that way with persons of *eminent scholarship*.

Minimum cum aliis loqui, multum cum seipso. Epist. 105.

Agree-

Agreeably to this *Government of her tongue*, she was exceedingly *modest*, and becomingly *grave* in her whole *behaviour*; not from any natural *heaviness* of *constitution*, or affectation of *morose* and *reserved vertue*; but from a just apprehension how *unagreeable* to an exact *strictness of Life* (which she designed) and how *unconducing* to the *reputation of her Sex* a *too sanguine conversation* is often found. And that she was not *cynically* averse to a decent and convenient degree of *affability* and *courtesie* (a vertue which was also very conspicuous in her) it appeared, in that she was wont to receive the *visits* of the *meanest* of her *Neighbours* with wonderful *kindness*, and *converse* with them with a great deal of becoming *condescention*: to which, as any of them appeared to her to savour more of *godliness* than others, she could (upon occasion) add a fit proportion of *familiarity*. For very careful she was to admit none into her *bosom*, but such as by critical observation she found to answer that character of

of worth by which she first valued *her self*, and then chose her *intimates*, not *Greatness* but *Goodness*.

Her *Courtesie*, as I have intimated, she extended to *all sorts* of persons; even to those whom we commonly brow-beat, and look down upon with a supercilious loftiness of countenance (those, I mean, whose necessities made them *petitioners* to her *bounty*) for even *those* she treated with great affability. So that what was said once of *Titus* the *Roman Emperor*, was true of her, *Neminem a se tristem dimisit*, that no person departed out of her presence discontented. Yea, even those whom she denied her *Alms* (and some persons in want are not meet objects for a *discreet charity*) she would so handsomly reprove for not using their abilities of body to get more *creditable Bread*, that they seemed no less satisfied in her *Counsel*, than they would have been whith her *Alms*.

Sueton. in Tito.

Her *inviting countenance* did so embolden the *Poor* to implore her

Pa-

Patronage, her *compassionate heart* rendred her so sensible of their *conditions*, and her *prudence* so enabled her to manage their *Causes*, that as she was most frequently *imployed* in many of their important addresses to several of her *Relations* upon whom they depended; so she *followed their suits* in such a manner, that most an-end she proved *successful*, as meeting with such a blessing of God upon her charitable endeavours, as the justice of the causes in which she engaged might warrant her to expect.

Yea, her very *Servants* had a share in the *obligingness* of her *conversation*. For though she well understood her own *Quality*, and could keep them at convenient *distance*, yet she attempered her carriage, even to *them*, with so much *mildness*, that she was never observed to drop an *hasty* or *passionate expression* to any of them, though much *provoked thereunto*.

Of so *innocent* a *deportment* she was (even from a child) that one of *capacity* enough to observe, and

integrity

integrity enough to vindicate the relation from the least suspicion of *flattery*, gives her this character that *during ten years abode in her Mothers Family, she could never observe any intemperate word or action; or any thing, which if all the world had been acquainted with, would have in the least tended to her just diminution or disparagement.*

She much studied the gratifying the *Tempers*, and contenting the *dispositions* and *propensions* of those she conversed with, in all *lawful* waies: insomuch, that she hath been often observed to deny *her self* for the pleasing of *others*, according to that *Apostolical Rule*, *Rom.* 15. 2. And this disposition rendred her, even in matters of *Argument*, which (as I told you before) she wanted not ability to manage, not obstinately *tenacious* of her *own opinion*, but obligingly *compliant* to the *Judgment* of *others*, where the conscience of duty required not the contrary; that thereby she might render her self, *offensive to none*, but

as

as far as might be, *profitable to all*. A quality thus, the more obſervable, becauſe not ordinary in others, who being owners of great parts, commonly affect a dictatorſhip in *diſcourſe*. So true is it, that *Qui volet Ingenio cedere, rarus erit!* Theſe *qualities* rendered her of an *excellent compoſure* for a *friend*. And accordingly, an *excellent friend* ſhe was. She did not (as was before noted) *raſhly* admit any to the honour of her *boſom acquaintance*; but when once ſhe had lodged any perſons there, ſhe was candidly *free* and *open* in communicating what her Judgment (which was alwaies riper than her years) ſuggeſted to be moſt for the advantage of their particular ſoul-concerns, *advice*, *comfort*, or *reproof*. For which *laſt*, ſhe alwaies reſerved a liberty even towards her choiceſt and moſt intimate friends; (and *moſt* indeed towards *them*) but managed it, conſtantly, with abundance of *winning meekneſs* and *tenderneſs*. And ſo ſeverely *conſcientious* was ſhe in the diſcharge of this *friendly office*, (for ſuch indeed

deed it is, whatever men ordinarily think of it, and the neglect of it, where it needs, an act of *hatred*, *Levit.* 19. 17.) that having frequent occasions to receive visits from, and return them to persons of her acquaintance, that made the reverend names of [*Jesus*! and *Lord*!] interjections in their ordinary discourse (a thing which to me seems too near of kin to that *taking the name of God in vain*, which the very letter of the *third Commandment* forbids) that she made it a *Case of Conscience*, whether she did not *highly neglect her duty* in not *reproving* them.

And that she might not appear more rigidly to *others* in this kind, than she was to *her self*, her own life was a *comment* upon the *Apostles* ἀκριβῶς περιπατῆτε, *Eph.* 5. 15. so *exactly* she *walked*, that she took care to avoid not only what she *condemned*, but what she did but *suspect* in others conversation. Insomuch, that her *conscience* would not permit her to *pardon her self*, what her *charity* taught her to *indulge in others*.

And

And indeed, she was alwaies of a very *nice* and *delicate conscience*, sensible of the smallest and lightest *sin*, or but probable *appearance* of it. The *skin* of that *Syharite* whom *Seneca* mentions, who complained he was *sorely hurt with lying upon doubled rose leaves*, was not more *tender* than her *conscience* was. Of which (though out of place) take these *two Instances* of many that might be given, that she was known once in her younger years to address her self to her *Governess* with tears, intreating her pardon for that in her very child-hood *she was conscious she had been defective in affection to her, for she thought, that then she did not love her.* A fault (I doubt) which others that are far *more* guilty of it, are *less* troubled for. Another time in her *maturer Age*, when she had mildly enough threatned a child over whom she had some inspection committed to her, that *if she did not such a thing she would not love her*; she presently recalled that as an *hard* word, saying, *Alas! God deals*

De Ira lib. 2.

not

not so with us, notwithstanding our continual disobediences.

But, to return (whence we digressed) to her character as an *accomplished Friend. One* eminent property of true friendship was very conspicuous in her; (and the more, considering what is commonly imputed to her *Sex*) that she was most careful to *lock* up her friends *secrets* in her own breast, and to *conceal* their *infirmities.* Those whom upon a Christian account she made her friends, she loved very affectionately, or (in the *Apostles* phrase rather) *with a pure heart*, and ἐκτενῶς, with the utmost stress of *zealous fervency*; nor could she endure to be accounted *tepid* and *indifferent* in her love towards them.

And yet in all this *ardency* of true affection she still observed her constant wont of being sparing in *verbal expressions* of the esteem and value she had for her friends; and that, out of scruple, lest she should incur the danger of *flattering them*, or at least *seeming* to do so. Yea, she was wont (sorely against

againſt her natural *genius* and diſpoſition) ſometimes to curb and reſtrain the *over-flowing kindneſs* of her carriage and deportment, out of a *conſciencious fear*, leſt ſhe ſhould thereby gain the *applauſe* of others; being more afraid to be *too well ſpoken of*, than moſt perſons are of *deſerving to hear ill.*

As a *friend*, ſhe obſerved, that *exchange of kindneſs* is the *fewel* that feeds the *flame of mutual affection*, and keeps it from burning dimly or going out, and therefore was a great nouriſher of *gratitude*; accounting it the greateſt *ſolciſm* in friendſhip, to be *ſuſpicious* in *receiving*, or *parſimonious* in *returning kindneſs.* And therefore what of this nature ſhe *received*, ſhe would not (though ſometimes poſſibly there were probable ground ſo to do) *interpret amiſs*, as profeſſing ſhe *abhorred the ſuſpicion of a deſign in kindneſs, as the bane of gratitude.* And in her *returns*, ſhe was alwaies nobly obliging, as ſtudying rather to ſtand in her *friends Books* a *Creditor* than a *Debtor.*

I mentioned her *Devotion* before, as an *early blossom*. But I must tell you now, that it had not the usual fate of such *precocious blossoms*, to be *blasted* and *drop off* before it arrived at *maturity*. For as she grew in years, she grew also in acquaintance and communion with God, and kept a constant *correspondence*, and *intelligence* with the Court of *Heaven*. Which *Heavenly Trade* she followed so close, that her *Lady-Mother*, whiles she was under her Government, observing how she laboured at it more than her *constitution* of body would well bear; and being afraid, lest by *overstraining* the *bow* to reach the *mark* she aimed at, she would endanger the *breaking* it; once in a friendly manner told her, that *if she intended to hold on that course, she was not fit to live in this world*. To which the *humble Lady* (reflecting probably upon her self that Term of *unfitness to live*, in another notion than it was meant) answered with much meekness, *No, indeed, Madam, I confess, I am not.*

After

After she was *married*, she abated not of her *Devotion*; and thereby rendred her self a singular *instance* of *exception*, to the difference the *Apostle* puts between a *Wife* and a *Virgin*, (and which *Romanists* make so much use of to advance a *vowed Virginity*, an invention of theirs, above *marriage*, an institution of God) 1 *Cor.* 7. 34. you may the better judge of her *Devotions* by the proportion of *time* which she assigned them *every day*. I am credibly informed that her constant retirements to that purpose were proportionably to *Daniels*, *thrice a day*, *Dan.* 6. 10. And, since the decease of her *precious Sister-in-Law* (whose great worth deserves a far more honourable remembrance, than upon this occasional mention can be allowed) dying some weeks before her; (as if she had taken the *Allarm* to prepare for her *own dissolution* shortly to follow from that providence) she more than *doubled* that proportion even to *Davids seven times a day*, *Ps.* 119. 164.

Dr. *Langham's* Wife.

In mentioning her *Devotions*. I mean not only *secret prayer* and *meditation*, but also constant *reading* and *study of the Scriptures*, which was alwaies a considerable part of the employment that filled up her daily hours of retirement; together with something or other of the writings of some learned *practical Divines*, with which her Closet was well furnished. I might reckon also as a part of her *daily task*, the *reading over one Sermon a day*, most daies, out of her *note-books*, (for she constantly pen'd the Sermons she heard) and I could wish that other great *Sermon writers*, would herein follow her example, and not turn their *notes* to *waste-paper* so soon as they filled their books, as 'tis to be feared too many do. By which practise of hers, (learned from the mention of the like in the *Life* of the *Young Lord Harrington*) by frequent inculcation, she fixed in her memory all that she had heard, and had it in a readiness for the direction of her conversation, when ever she had need to make use of it.

And

And now, it is possible that some persons that knew her not, upon the mention of so *great* a *daily task* of *Closet Religion* (comparing her with other *Ladies* of that *Quality*) may be sollicitous to know, what *time* she could allow for the *trimming* and *adorning* her *Body*; or, it may be, may suspect her to have been some *strange deformed Piece*, who being *fallen out* with her *Glass*, for telling too much *truth*, had neglected all care of *auxiliary handsomness* as meer *lost labour*; and addicted her self to the *beautifying* of *her Soul*, out of despair of ever rendring her *bodie* tolerably handsome or *beautiful*. To satisfie therefore all those who, may be concerned in this matter, I must tell them, that, as her *Person* was such, as to a *middle* and decent *Pitch*, and just *proportion* of all *Parts*, wanted not a *Face*, whose *amiable lineaments* might by the ordinary *Artifices* of that kind, have been advanced to the *Reputation* of a *Beauty*, had she thought fit to have made use of them: So she neglected not to bestow upon

it so much *time* and *pains*, after the *necessary occasions* of her *Soul*, first attended, as *decency* required, though possibly not so much as *Curiosity* (had she studied it) would have *called* for. And so much shall suffice for this digression.

To this proportion of constant Devotion which she cut her self out for *every day*, if you add her great care to fill up all the *rest of her time*, with profitable converse, you cannot but look upon her as a great *Instance* of that command, *Eph.* 5. 16. So did she ἐξαγοραζόμενα καιρὸν, *buy Time out* (as the word signifies) *of the hands* of those *wasters of precious minutes*, which are apt, where they are not observed, to *forestall the Market*, and *buy it up all* even from the most *religious employments*; I mean, *Pastimes*, and *Recreations*. Whence it was, that (though she did not rigidly censure the *liberty* taken by *others* in that kind as absolutely, and in its own nature *unlawful*; yet) she never allowed *her self* to see any *Masque*, *Enterlude*, *or Play*, or to play at *Cards* or the like *Games*; meerly,

meerly, becauſe ſhe doubted *whether the expence of ſo much time, as commonly ſuch diverſions require, would be allowed upon her account, or no.* Much, herein, of a different temper from thoſe *great Perſons*, whoſe *Time* ſo lies on their hands, as a *dead Commodity*, that they ſtudy all waies poſſible to *put it off*, becauſe they know not what profitable uſe to *put it unto*. A *prodigallity*, which how much cauſe they have to *repent* of, they may poſſibly underſtand, when upon their *death-beds* they find the *want* of thoſe *precious minutes* for more ſerious uſes, which they have ſo laviſhly *thrown away*. In the mean time, to the *Apoſtolical* command (but now mentioned) I would entreat them to add in their ſerious meditations, the commendable reſolve of that *Heathen*, who purpoſed *to allow a whole day to no converſe, that would not make him amends for the precious Time expended in it.*

Nemo ullum auferat Diem, nihil dignam tanto impendio redditurus, Sen. de Tranq.

But, to return again to our *excellent Perſonage*, whom we left purſuing her daily deſign of *ac-*

quainting her self with God in her set *hours* of *devotion*, accounting it (as she said) a *singular mercy that the great God of Heaven and earth would vouchsafe his Creatures such plentiful discoveries of himself, both in the books of Nature and Providence; and beyond both those in his written Word.* And therefore she prized them *all*, but especially the *last*, with an infinite affection; insomuch that she often rose *early* in the morning to *read* and *meditate thereon*: nor would she, when she was engaged in that holy work, suffer any *interruptions* how necessary soever, without evident signs of trouble & discomposure, till she returned to her beloved *Bible* again. Yea, towards the *Book it self*, for love of the excellent matter contained in it, she expressed such a respect, that she resented with a pious displeasure, any *undecent usage* of it, or careless throwing it among *ordinary Books.*

Now, though she had a singular value for *every* part of the *holy Bible*, yet there was *one* part of it, the

the Book of *Psalms*, which she seemed to be most passionately in love withall; Perhaps, because (*similitude being the ground of Love*, according to the great *Philosopher*) she found so much agreement betwixt her *own heart*, and the *spirit* of that *Book*. This affection she shewed by reading, or causing to be read, *one* or *more* of them constantly at her *hour of repose* in the evening, which by meditation and discourse she was wont to improve to her own benefit and theirs who were about her. And in her *bed*, she was wont to *lock* up her *lips* till morning with the *repetition* of some *one* that she had *by heart*, to which, having added some *devout ejaculations* with wonderful fervency, she usually *dropped asleep* in some holy *extasie of Devotion*. And as she *shut up* her lips and heart too in this manner at *night*, so she constantly *opened* them again in the *morning* with the same *golden Key*. So that her *sleep* seemed to be but a *Parenthesis* betwixt her *evening* and *morning Devotions*, which *discontinued*

Arist: Eth: 8:

continued indeed, but not *disordered* them; yea, rather *connexed* and *united* them into one *entire piece*, of which (it is probable) her very *sleeping Phantasie*, by holy *Dreams*, made a *part*; seeing it was next to impossible, that even *they*, being *hedged* in between *two* such immediate *acts of Devotion*, should not receive a proportionable *tincture* from them.

These her *set Devotions*, 'tis likely, she methodized most commonly according to her own *discretion*; but yet, she did not so tie up her self to the *order* of her *own designment*, as not to leave her self a *liberty* upon any *extraordinary occasion*, to vary as that *occasion* required. Which appears, in that upon the *solemn great Festivals*, at least, observed in this Church, she would *accommodate* them to those *seasons* respectively. A course, which I am a little jealous, may, from *some persons* perhaps, undergo a *censure*, as if it savoured somewhat of *superstition*. But, as she feared not that *censure* in the *practise*, as finding that benefit thereby

thereby, which abundantly weighed down that *ſcar-crow* in her own conſideration: ſo do not I fear it in *the relation*, as being perſwaded that it may be of uſe to ſome one or other, who may be thereby induced to take up the *ſame courſe* with the *ſame advantage.*

For, whereas thoſe *grand Articles of Religion*, the *Incarnation*, *Death*, *Reſurrection* and *Aſcenſion* of our *Saviour*, have (*each* of them) a ſignal *uſe* and *influence* towards the improvement both of Faith, and Holineſs if particularly ſtudied and applyed, yea, and the recurring of thoſe *Feſtivals*, wherein they are by publick order *commemorated*, affords a ſpecial opportunity thereunto, by giving us a particular remembrance of them; it ſtands with Reaſon, that the taking hold of ſuch opportunities when offered, and accommodating our private readings, meditations and prayers to them, ſhould yield us the particular advantage before mentioned; which poſſibly, in a like meaſure at leaſt, we might not reap otherwiſe. For experience ſhews

shews, that those *signal mercies* seldom come under our *particular observation*, for respective improvement, except upon those seasons for divers years together. And for *this reason*, I suppose, or the *like* (of no affinity to *superstition* at all, which our *Lady* was too *knowing a Christian* to be endangered unto in such a matter) she took up, and continued this *Practise*.

In her *course of Life*, she was precisely careful to *avoid all manner of sin*; and sollicitous in all *emergencies of consequence* to understand her *duty*, that she might practise accordingly. As she made *Gods Testimonies her delight*, so she made them her *Counsellors also*, *Ps.* 119.24. Insomuch, that she never determined any *dubious occurrence* without great *deliberation*, and the best *advice* she could procure. But especially, when she was a *Wife*, she made frequent use of the counsel given by the *Apostle Paul*, 1 *Cor.* 14.35. *when she desired to learn any thing, to ask her Husband.* And herein was she singularly

gularly happy, in being directed by Providence to such an *Husband* as abundantly answered that character of *another Apostle*, *dwelling* (and conversing with her) *as a man of knowledge*, 1 *Pet.* 3.7. One, who as he was *able* (richly *able*) to *maintain*, so was he no less *propense* to *entertain* such a *converse*, especially with so near a friend as the *Wife of his bosom*, upon any occasion. So that herein (besides the advantages hereby reaped to *her self*) she highly gratified *him*, by affording him the opportunities of an employment so acceptable to his own *Genius* and disposition; and withall practised the advice given her upon her *Marriage* by her prudent *Lady-Mother to make her self fit conversation* (so she expressed it) *for her Husband*. A notable *Instance* whereof may be; that if, at any time, in her *solitary discourses* with him of this nature (with which kind of converse she was much delighted) there had happened a *cessation* on both hands for a little while, she would presently be apprehensive of

of the loss, and desire him not to *let her time pass unimproved, but either to renew the conference, or read some good Book to her.*

And yet, (so *greedy* she was of improving her self by all good means) she did not make this advantage of *him alone*; but constantly attended the *publick Ordinances*, from a due respect unto which she was too *weighty a Christian* to be blown away by the *pitiful prejudices* of these times; as too many are, to the unsufferable *affronting* of *Gods goodness*, who vouchsafes them to us, and (it is to be feared) too often, to the *forsaking their own mercy*, the particular benefit they might reap from them. And that she might make the utmost improvement of Gods *Ministers, whose lips* God hath appointed to *keep knowledge*, she would according to his command (in *private conference*, as well as *publick Ordinances* when occasion was offered) *seek it at their mouths*, *Mal.* 2.7. An *Instance* whereof of special remark, may be, that, when She met with any *Divines of note* at

at her Father-in-Law's *Sir* JOHN *LANGHAMS* Table, with whom after her marriage till her death She resided (and that *plentiful Table* was seldome without *some* such *guests* of special *eminency*) She would request her *Husband* to offer such discourse, as might give the company the benefit of their presence and converse; professing that *she judged it altogether absurd and incongruous to Reason, as well as Religion, that Physitians and Lawyers should be so ordinarily entertained with discourses proper to their respective Faculties; and Divines only treated without the verge of their Profession, with matters altogether heterogeneous and eccentrical to the sphere of their holy Function.*

Such, as you have heard, was her *devotion towards God.* And She had as well learned her *duty to her Neighbour*, which She evidenced in every *Relation* and *Capacity.*

When by her *Marriage* She was to be transplanted into her *Husbands* Family, her *Lady-Mother* failed not to give her those *Instructions*

structions, which as *Maxims of duty* She constantly practised in a just proportion to *all* her *Relations*. And accordingly,

The *first* place in her *Affection*, She bestowed upon her *Husband*, whom She so loved, that She professed *she could even die for him*. This her *Love* She shewed in an eminent degree of *dutiful compliance* with whatever she observed to be *agreeable* to *him*. For she never received the least intimation of his pleasure, though delivered in a way of *request*, but it had with her the force of a *Command*; with which (waving her *own* opinion, in case of *difference* from *his*) she alwaies respectfully comported. Insomuch, that no *Instances* of conjugal happiness in *others*, ever minded him of any *deficiency* in his *own*; but rather produced a greater *complacency* in his so great *felicity*, whiles he found himself *happy* in his own *choice*, beyond the most *eminent examples*.

And, as her *Love* and *dutiful Carriage*, so also her *Learning* rendred her an *Help meet for him*,

as

as being thereby made capable of converſing with him, both in points of *Divinity* and *Humanity*, very knowingly and judiciouſly, and that in more *Languages* than *one*; being able to make uſe of *Learned Authors* in other Tongues, without the help of a *Tranſlation*. As for *Latine*, that learnedeſt piece of *Peter Martyr*, (his *Common-places*) ſhe frequently had recourſe unto. For *French* ſhe was intimately acquainted with (the works of (that *Prodigy of Learning* and *Language*) M. *du-Moulin*, out of whoſe *Buckler of Faith*, ſhe was both enabled to *defend* her own *Proteſtant Faith* and (as ſhe had occaſion to converſe with any Ladies of the *Romiſh* communion) to *aſſault* and *overthrow theirs*. And, for *Italian* ſhee could make as good an advantage of what *Learning* that *Language* affords.

And yet (which in an accompliſhment wherein ſhe ſo much exceeded the *reſt* of her *Sex*, in ſo much the more remarkable) was ſhee not hereby *elevated*. That φυσιωσις, or *ſwelling conceitedneſs*,

(which the Apostle tells us too often *fly-blows* eminent *Gifts*, 1 *Cor.* 8. 1. and is the very bane of these times) shee was not tainted withal, so that her *Husband* was perfectly *unacquainted* with all those *inconveniences* which some have fancied do necessarily accompany a *learned Wife*. For to him, even herein, She alwaies would *strike sail*, as to her *Lord* and *Head*; making use of her *own* knowledge only to capacitate her to make the best improvement of *his*; of whom She would (as one that with her *other learning*, had learned her *Duty* from the *Apostle*) μανθάνειν ἐν ἡσυχίᾳ ἐν πάσῃ ὑποταγῇ, *receive instruction in all submissive silence*, or *quietness*.

To her *Lady-Mother*, She did not forget her *Duty* in the least, no not when her *married* estate had *manumitted* her from her *Government*; but, allowing her still the *next* place in her affection, and respects to her *Husband*, so demeaned her self towards *her*, that She esteemed her not only *a very dutiful and deserving Daughter*, but (as her own Phrase was) *an excellent*

lent Friend also. To her *Father-in-Law*, she payed the *same Duty* (according to the particular directions, which she received from her at her *marriage*) which she performed to her *Lady-Mother*; as considering, that where the Ordinance of God makes *two* persons *one flesh*, it makes a proportionable union to their respective *natural Relations* too; they being but *Reliquiæ carnis nostræ*, the remainders of every ones own flesh in other bodies: as both *Arias Montanus*, and our own *Margin* from him, render, those words by which *nearness of kin* is expressed, *Levit.* 18. 5. כל-שאר בשרו

To the *memory* of her *predecessor* in that *Relation* she bore to *Sir James Langham*, she testified (contrary to what is usual in such cases) a very signal respect, enquiring with some earnestness after her *special vertues*, which she designed for her own *Imitation*, and giving the good she heard of her, a just *commendation*.

To the *children* that *Sir James* had by *that Lady* (providence de-

nying him any by *this*, except *one* in *expectation*, to whom the *death* of the *mother* rendred the *womb* a *grave*) she was in care and tenderness so much *more than a Mother-in-Law*, that it was impossible for any, but those that knew otherwise, not to have mistaken her for their *natural Parent*; and if, with them, she had had any of her *own body*, I believe she could hardly have told how to have rendred her love to her *natural issue* (in any considerable indication) more *Emphatical*. So sollicitously did She interest her self both in *education* of, and *provision* for them; and so concern her self in their behalf, in all occasions of never so little *bodily distemper*; that She deserved thereby to have rendred, even *Noverca*, a name of *honour*, by being such a *Mother-in-Law*, from whom even *natural Mothers* themselves, might not disdain to receive a *Law of kindness* towards the children of their *own bodies*.

From her *Daughter* of about 11 *years of Age*, She exacted constantly a *repetition* (by heart) of the

the *Sermons* ſhe heard; for which Task She had by her *Inſtructions* ſo logically *methodized theme mory* of that ſo *young* a *child*, that She was able to *Analize* a diſcourſe of 30 or 40 particular heads *memoriter*, with the moſt *remarkable enlargments* upon them.

This care of *her children* She not only continued during her *health*, but even in her *ſickneſs* alſo She *influenced* that that *others* took of them, ſo far as her weakneſs would permit. And to to ſhew that She minded *them* as long as She minded *any thing in this world*, even upon her *dying bed* She requeſted her *Husband* (though he needed not any ſuch ſpur to quicken him in his Duty) *to breed them up in the exerciſes of ſevere Godlineſs, and to ſee them taught ſuch Evidences of ſalvation, as might be ſupports to them one day in their dying Agonies.*

To her *Servants*, She demeaned her ſelf ſo *mildly* (as I before told you) as if they had not been ſo properly *Servants*, as *humiles amici*, (in the *Moraliſts* phraſe) a ſort

of *inferiour friends*. Which carriage won her from them a great deal of *aw-ful Love*, and *heart-service*, instead of *eie-service*, the common vice of those in that *Relation*. She took care even of the meanest of them, not only for their *bodies*, but their *Souls* also: calling them that were more immediately under her inspection (her *Maidens*) to account (*in scriptis* if they could *write*) for the Sermons they heard, and helping their deficiencies from her own *exacter notes*. She would call upon them in the *morning* (as her phrase was) to *go to God*, *i. e.* to wait upon *him* in their morning *Devotions*, before they waited on *her*. And if (for She would examine them concerning it) any one of them confessed, or by silence bewrayed a neglect therein, She would dismiss her immediately to that work from her present attendance, not without some reprehension withall, for giving *her service* the precedency of *Gods*. And this care She took (as She would frequently express her self to her *Husband*) from a deep con-

conviction of this truth, *that Governors of Families, are accountable to God for the Soul of the meaneſt under their inſpection.* A courſe which (as far as She could bear it, She continued even in her *laſt ſickneſs*, for when the *importunities* of her own *bodily diſtempers* kept any of them from *Church* to attend her *neceſſities* at home on *Gods day*, She would tell them, that *nothing but an abſolute neceſſity ſhould have been reaſon ſufficient for her detaining them about her. But yet*, (would She ſay) *your minds are at liberty; let God have as much worſhip as you can give him: lift up your hearts, lift up your hearts and remember 'tis the Sabbath.*

An *example*, this, very fit to be followed by *others* of her *Sex*, and *Quality*; yea, it were well, if thoſe that are much *inferiour* to her both in *Birth* and *breeding*, would learn ſo much *Religion* from her, as to conſider that their *Servants* have *Souls* as well as *themſelves*; and *Souls*, that require ſome *time* to *trim* and *dreſs* them, as well as their *Ladies* and *mi-*

stresses bodies. And that those persons will surely give but a *poor account* one day of their *Servants souls*, whose *tedious dressings* spend the greatest part of every day, (not excepting *Gods Day* it self) and will not allow their *Maidens* a minutes privacy, to lift up a short prayer in secret, wherewith to sanctifie the employments of the day.

Nor did She extend this care towards her *Servants*, only whiles they *continued with her*, but enlarged it even to those that *departed from her.* An *Instance* whereof may be, That when a *mean servant* came to take leave of her, She gave her (together with some *other* expressions of her *charity* and *kindness*) much *good counsel*, and desired her *Husband* to add something to her favours too, but above all to dismiss her with a *second largess* of good *Advice.*

To the *Poor*, She was *hugely charitable*; sometimes not staying till they *expressed* their own wants, but *pressing* out of them those

those *complaints*, which their *modesty* would have *suppressed*, by her own *enquiries* into their conditions, that She might know wherein She might be beneficial to them. And when She had information of any wants *above an ordinary charity*, She was even sollicitous how to procure a *proportionable relief* for the parties concerned, nor was She charitable to the bodies only of those whom She relieved, for She gave to *most* (but to those especially, whose *great exigences* (in probability) rendred them more *capable* and *inclinable* to follow it) the *double Alms* of her *bounty* and *counsel* together; which *last* (though the *other* were not mean neither) was constantly the *best* of the *two*.

A *thousand Instances* of her great *Charity* in this kind, have escaped the observation of any, but those only that received it; (She being in acts of this nature contented with the *notice* of *God* and *Conscience*) so that our *Saviours Rule* in this, was hers, *not to let her left hand know what her right hand did*,

did, *Mat.* 6. 3. And yet, to *Gods glory*, and her *own deserved commendation*, those good deeds of this nature, which She studiously (to avoid what She alwaies abhorred, the very appearance of vainglory) *concealed in her life time*, in a great measure *came to light after her death*, as appeared in the passionate resentments of great crowds of poor people, who (as is usual in such cases) thronging to obtain a sight of her Herse whiles exposed to view, declared that, not so much their *curiosity* as *affection* drew them thither, by the bitter lamentations and tears wherewith they bewailed her death (as the *Widdows* did *Dorcas*, *Acts* 9. 39.) as their common and irreparable loss.

In this her *bounty*, *partly*, out of her great fear (as I told you before) to be *too well thought of*, if others knew the *proportions* of it; and *partly*, that She might be the more assured that it was not diverted from the *right channel*, She commonly *trusted no hands* but her *own*: making it her care before She

She went out of doors at any time, to furnish her *Poor-mans Purse*, with such monies, as were most convenient to be distributed and divided among those necessitous people, which providence before She returned, might cast in her way.

One *special passage* I must not omit, under this *Head of Charity*; though it only so far concern her, as it expresseth her *judgment* in the choice of fit *subjects* to lay it forth upon. She was once told of the *prodigious bounty of some of her Ancestors* towards *Religious places and Persons*, and particularly, upon *young students in the Universities*. This *last sort* of charity as soon as mentioned, She especially *applauded*, thus expressing her thoughts of it. *Indeed*, said She, *it is the best Charity to promote the good of souls, and in that respect it is a much nobler bounty, to be the means of consecrating the life of one, than relieving the age and infirmities of twenty.*

Let me close up this *Section*, with the *averseness* she expressed to

to (the *great bane of Love* and *charity*) *Tale-bearing*, for which she constantly had a high degree of *detestation*, She alwaies suspected a *passionate Accuser*, as commonly more faulty, than the *party accused*; it being the usual artifice of *malice*, to endeavour the *concealing* its *own guilt*, by stopping the ears of Justice with a *prejudicate opinion* against those from whom it fears a *recrimination*. And in all differences of this nature, which came under her cognizance, she constantly used this healing method, first, to *allay the acrimony of the contending spirits*, and then to *accommodate the difference* it self.

In a *word*, her *Charity* in all points answered the *Character* which the *great Apostle* gives of that *Heavenly Grace*, 1 *Cor.* 13. which to *read*, is to comprise the whole History of her Life in a *nutshel*, a short *Abstract* or *Epitome*. Read it here if you please, and accommodate the several parts of it to my former Relation. *Charity*, (and such washers) *suffereth long and*

and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not it ſelf, is not puffed up, doth not behave it ſelf unſeemly, ſeeketh not her own, is not eaſily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the Truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, v. 4, 5, 6, 7.

And now, to ſo eminent a *progreſs* in all manner of *perfections*, there could hardly be made any *acceſſion* in *this world*; ſo that it was high time for her to be tranſplanted from hence to the *ſociety of the ſpirits made perfect* in *another*. And *God* (whoſe wont it is to *gather* his fruit when it is fully *ripe*) having thus made her *meet for the inheritance of the Saints in light*, accordingly, thought fit on *March* 28. 1664. to tranſlate her *thither*. Her *ſickneſs*, of which ſhe dyed, ſurpriſed her *tanquam ex inſidiis*, being the *ſmall Pocks* diſguiſed under the *reliques of a Feaver* (to appearance) *almoſt perfectly profligated*. Such a *ſurprize* of *death* in the very *borders* and *confines* of *expected health*, had been

Heb. 12: 23:

Col. 1: 12:

been sufficient to have *discomposed any soul*, and *ruffled* it into disorder, but such an one as *hers*; which kept alwaies so good a *guard*, that no *event* could befall her for which she was not *provided*.

During that *twilight of hopes and fears*, which sometimes held both her *Physitians* and *Relations*, in suspence concerning her; she alwaies seemed in her *own* inclinations to propend to *Saint Pauls choice*, *Phil.* 1. 23. having *a desire to depart, and to be with Christ*: begging of her dear *Husband*, who was (as he had great cause) humbly importunate with God for a longer enjoyment of her; *that he would not pray for her life, but for her soul, and that God would make her fit to die; or if he pleased to gratifie the desires of those who so affectionately wished her recovery, that he would so sanctifie his hand unto her, that she might obtain grace to pay her vows.* Indeed her great *aim* and *design*, was to *perfect holiness* in the fear of God; and her great *request* for her self in the

2 *Cor.* 7. 1.

midst of her *feverish Paroxysms*, was, that *by that burning heat* (as she said) *she might be purified and refined.* Conformable hereunto, was that *Request* of hers, taken notice of in a *former sickness*, which fell out a *year* before her *Marriage*, which she expressed with a most pathetical vehemency, *O that I could do the whole will of God!*

At *other* times of this her last *weakness*, when her *Husband* praying by her prosecuted with earnestness his *constant Request*, for her *recovery to health, and a longer life*; she would, after the duty, kindly *chide* the *exuberancy of his affection*; & desire him to *rest content in Gods Promise, that all things should work together for his good*, Rom. 8. 28. *and to submit* (*as she wholy did*) *to his soveraign will*: telling him withall, *that he had no reason to give the reins to his sorrow, if he saw her die with good evidences of her going to Heaven.* And to allay his passion in his greatest *dreads* of that separation, which he so much deprecated,

Lugeatur mortuus; sed ille quem gehenna suscipit quem Tartarus devorat, &c. Hier.

precated, *We came not* (said she) *into the world together, nor can we expect to go out of it together; yet it is a great satisfaction to me that I am going thither, whither you, after a while, shall follow me.* And somewhat inquisitive she was (probably in order to the advancement of that satisfaction) *what degrees of Communion the Saints glorified have one with another, and what measure of knowledge they have of each other?* A question, which is often asked by gracious souls; but (in my judgment) *impossible* to be *resolved* from clear grounds of Scripture, the *Argument* on *both* sides being alike *probable.* And it need not create any trouble to us, if it remain in the dark. It is but a *little* while, ere *comfortable experience* will decide the controversie to all that *wait for the coming of the Lord Jesus*, beyond all our uncertain disputes.

She was very *sollicitous* during her whole *sickness*, of her *cariage* and *deportment* under *Gods* afflicting *hand*; and afraid lest the *restlessnesses*

leſſneſſes occaſioned by her *diſtemper*, might be the fruit of her *impatience*. To which purpoſe, ſhe would oftentimes, (with an holy *ſelf-jealouſie*) ask of thoſe about her, *Whether ſhe did not ſeem to them to be deficient in Patience?* and would ſeem to be troubled at the remembrance of the carriage of *ſuch* and *ſuch* Chriſtian *friends*, whom ſhe had converſed with on their *ſick beds*, as conſcious to her ſelf how *ſhort ſhe came of them*.

Some *Conflicts* ſhe had with *Temptation* (if I may ſo call it, and not rather the exceeding *tenderneſs* of her own *Conſcience*, apt to *ſmite* her (as *Davids* did *for cutting off but the skirt of* Sauls *Robe*, 1 *Sam.* 24. 5.) for the *ſmalleſt omiſſions*, of which yet thoſe that knew the ſtrictneſs of her *walking with God*, thought ſhe had little cauſe to *complain*.) And yet thoſe very *complaints*, in the *nature* of them, argued a very *great proficiency in holineſs*; witneſs *one* amongſt the reſt eſpecially, *viz. that ſhe had not been ſo ſenſible, as*

she ought to have been of the estate and condition of Gods Church; a thing which surely most of us may more justly charge on our selves (considering the *Havock* at this day made in it by the Eastern *Wild-bore out of the Forrest*; and the *little Foxes out of their holes*, Romish Emissaries in several *disguises* spoiling its tender grapes) but that we do not (with her) *prefer Jerusalem above our chief joy.*

Ps. 80. 13. *Cant.* 2. 15. *Ps.* 137. 6.

But these were but *thin* and *light clouds*, quickly scattered, the *light of Gods countenance* breaking through them, and clearing up *hers*. So that she told one of her visitants, with a great deal of comfort, that *she thanked God, that instead of a world full of troubles and miseries, he had now given her the sight of a better Country.* And this *prospect*, together with the clearing up of her *Title* to it, (a thing which *in her health* she expressed a great sollicitousness for, insomuch that she hath been heard to say with some *Emphasis* of zealous earnestness, *Who, being*

being once assured of the pardon of sins, would not be willing to die the next hour?) made her, now she had *attained* it, so willing to resign her soul *into the hands of God*, as *knowing whom she had trusted:* and *lay down her earthly Tabernacle*, in exchange for *that House made without hands, eternal in the Heavens.*

Luk. 23. 46. 2 *Tim.* 1. 12. 2 *Cor.* 5. 1.

And thus *fell*, what was *mortal* of this *precious Saint*, to her *own infinite gain*, but to the *inexpressible loss* of all her *surviving friends* and *acquaintance*, but especially her *dear Relations.* Who (notwithstanding, I hope) will *consider*, that, seeing *the WILL OF THE LORD IS DONE*, it becomes them to *acquiesce* in it. It was (as I am informed) her *counsel* to her *tenderly loving* and *affectionate Husband*, in her health, to take heed of *over-loving her*, bidding him *beware of it, as he desired not to be rid of her: for God would endure no Rival.* I hope (though, withal, I confess it a difficult piece of *self-denial* not to *over-love* a Wife so *over-deser-*

ving; and so *strong a temptation* may very well excuse and lessen *an offence of that nature*) that worthy person to whom that caution was given, had alwaies so much of the *Christian*, as might balance the *Husband* in him; and preserve him from ever *rivalling his Maker*. But, however let me presume to remember him, that this may be done *ex post facto*, by *over-grieving*, when God hath *taken* away such a comfort. As no doubt *Phaltiel* was *Davids Rival*, not only whiles he enjoyed his Wife *Michal*; but also, when she was *sent for* from him, in that he *accompanied her*, as far as he dared, *weeping*, 2 *Sam.* 3. 16.

De non nostro amissum dolemus. Cum alienum amissum egre sustinemus, affines cupiditatis invenimur, Tert. de Pat.

And let all her *other Relations* consider, that, the *more vertuous* she was, and the *more* any way qualified to be a *comfort to them* here; the fitter was she to yield them the opportunity of *offering the compleater sacrifice of self-denial* and *holy Resignation*, by giving her to God; for whom *nothing* can be *too good*, seeing we can have nothing *so good* as he deserves, who is the *Author of all good*, yea, is *himself*

himself all good, and *all sufficiently so*, to us. Let them *consider*, how *ripe* she was for *Heaven*, and then they cannot but conclude it had been to her *loss* to have been longer *detained from* it: as it is to the *choicest fruit* to hang on the Tree beyond *due maturity*. And this very *consideration* (if any of them were not sufficiently *prepared* for this loss *before-hand*) ought to have had the force of a *presage*, to fortifie them against this *Event*: seeing it could not (in reason) be expected, that a *Life* so *thick packed* and *crowded* with Vertue and Grace, should be *long*: her living *so much* in a *little time* (by that common Rule, *celerius occidere festinatam maturitatem*, that over-hastened fruit is the first that falls) was a kind of *ominous intimation* that she had not *long to live*; and that *riding* such *Post-haste* towards *Heaven*, she would not be long *thence*. However, now *Gods will is done*, let our hearty *assent* thereunto, shew us *Christians*; our *rejoicing* in her *happiness*, her *friends*; and our *imi-*

Quintil. Inst.

tation of her *excellent perfections*, true *honourers* of her *memory*; who is gone before us to that *bliss*, to which (I think, we may all safely say) *the Lord in due time bring us all for Christs sake.* Amen.

A

A POSTSCRIPT.

SInce the finishing of this *Narrative*, there came to my hands an excellent *Character* of this incomparable *Lady*; being part of a *Letter* written by *him* whose learned *Pen* copied her from his *heart*; of whom it may be verified, which was by the *Greek Epigrammatist* once said of the *Statue* of *Love*, so curiously cut by *Praxiteles*.

——Ὃν ἔπαγε διεκρίβωσεν Ἔρωτα,
Ἐξ ἰδίης ἕλκων Ἀρχέτυπον κραδίης.

No wonder Love is thus to Life exprest,
The Graver had th' Original in his breast:

Of this *Treasure*, being unwilling to defraud the Reader, *partly*, because of its own *accurate elegancy*; and *partly*, because it contains a *compendious Abstract* of all the foregoing *Relation*, from him

who best understood her worth: I thought fit to subjoin it here.

Believe it, Sir, (saith he to his Friend) *it is not more my* Affection, *than my* Judgment, *that esteems that happy* Lady *so much above the rate of those that enjoy the common* Title *with her of being* Wives; *that it is still the reason of my* thanks to God, *that I once enjoyed so matchless a* Person, *and withal a* justification *of a* Grief *of an extraordinary* size, *that I have lost what is not comforted with the least hopes of a repair.* Not that I am *ignorant* of the *omnipotency* of *God* who is *alwaies able* to *equal himself* by *doing that again* whensoever he *pleaseth*, which at *any* time before he hath done. But because I *know such* an *excellency* was *ornament enough* to *illustrate* a *whole age*, and *humane* things are more *checquer'd*, than that *such* an *unusual happiness*, as I have *twice enjoyed* should the *third* time fall to *my share. That the* superiorities *of her* Birth *should descend to the* privacy *of my* condition, *without the being so troublesome to it as to*

to tax *my living up to any other* Rate *than what my own pleaſure admitted, was that humble* Prudence, *of which few in that* Order, *before her ſelf, ever gave an example. To comply in all thoſe obediences to me as an Husband, by which* inferiour Wives *pay for the kindneſs of taking them up into a* condition *which their* Birth and Fortunes *deſpaired of, was ſo much to my admiration, that I could not but raviſhedly wonder at it; and bleſs God for that happineſs of mine, in the contemplation whereof, I was ſo buſie, as not to have the leiſure of expreſſing it to others, but by over-joyed looks. And perhaps, I did not imprudently with ſilence poſſeſs my comforts, whiles ſpeaking might have wanted belief, or created too much Envy. How matchleſs a commendation of hers was it, in ſo many years, amidſt the variety of humane things to be without the guilt of* Word *or* Action, *that needed a* Recall, *or feared a* Cenſure? *what the* Laws *require of others, ſhe taxed her ſelf at: what others* promiſed, *ſhe* performed;

formed; *in whom a most sweet* Temper *was subjected to so informed a* mind, *that her compliance with her Duty, was as perfect as* Humanity *admits, without* noise *or* reluctancy. *And (would* Divinity *allow the expression) it might be said, that she had alwaies in her power something of* supererogation, *which she added, after she had paid the exactness of* justice *and* expectation. *She delighted to shew those children of mine, which others would have* concealed, *as the* Allay *of their* Marriage; *lengthened their lives by* prayer *and* care; *made them better than she found them by* instruction *and* example; *and was so* constant *in her kindnesses, that there was not an* intermission *through which to suspect the least* simulation. *She not only* bore, *but* delighted *in the Relations of my* first Wives Vertue: *and did so satisfie me in all the appetites of my soul, that nothing made me sollicitous in my* conjugality *whiles I enjoyed her, but either the* fear *an extraordinary happiness would not be long; or* desire *that I might obtain*

tain the joies of another Life *hereafter, who had the* greateſt meaſure *of thoſe* here, *which that ſtate knows without which even* Paradiſe *was by* God himſelf *judged to want ſomething of* Compleatneſs. *I could with ſafety truſt my deepeſt* Counſels *with that* Heart, *that did not eaſily part with* any thing; *leave the charge of my* Children *with that* ſincerity *and* prudence, *which no* intereſt *could* tempt awry, *nor* diſguiſe *eaſily deceive. Methinks I could juſtifie my ſelf in an* unſpeakable Love, *whiles the* Reaſon *of it was an unuſual plentiful meaſure of* rare Grace: *in the* Honour *of an illuſtrious* Birth, *the moſt ſubmiſſive* Humility; *in the knowledge of the* Pomps *of the* world *a pious* neglect *of them: the moſt expreſs* Characters *that I ever ſaw of* God, *in* that, *or the* other Sex. *In whom* Religion *ſeemed* pardonable *if not* beautiful *even to the* Enemies of it, *from thoſe good qualities that accompanied it,* viz. a Readineſs *to* Oblige, *an* Eaſineſs *to* Pardon, Reſpects *to* Superiours, Kindneſs *to* Equals, Regards *and* Compaſſions

sions *to* Inferiours. *Such an One have I* lost, *such an One do I* bewail.

And then he piously concludes thus (with which I conclude also) *But he, whose* Right *it is, to* do what he pleaseth, *and whose* Priviledge *it is, that he* cannot be unjust, *hath recalled what was his own from me who had no claim to that Grace; and although I* grieve, *I* murmur *not, who know her* Happiness *whiles I feel my own* Calamity.

READer, notwithstanding the great care of a *watchful Corrector*; the distance of the *Author*, hath (besides divers *literal* mistakes, and *mis-punctations*, which it is hoped thou wilt *indulge*) occasioned these *grosser escapes* of the *Press*, which it is *desired*, thou wilt before thou readest *correct*.

PAge 15. line 13. from the top, read *or interests*, p.14.l.4.r. *humoured*, p.19.l.12.r. *wisest*, p.45.l. 9.r. *perfection*, p.55.l.6.r. *exerted*, p.70.l. 12.r. *ἡδυπάθεια*, p.104.l.25.r. *so much*, p 109. l.2.r. *this*, p. 110.l.19.r. rigidly *severe*, p.116.l.20.r. *have* filled, p.129.l.27.r. *is*.

On

On the

MEMORY

Of the

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

The Lady

ELIZABETH LANGHAM.

HAd I a ſubject of a meaner ſize,
Methinks I could write Volums, and mine eies
Land-flood whole quires of Paper with a Tide
Of Elegies. Deep Rivers ſilent ſlide.
Great Contemplations tie the Tongue, that Mind
That's rapt to Heaven, cannot Utterance find.
So Commentators on an eaſie Text,
Are endleſs in their Paraphraſe, but vext
With a myſterious place paſs't by, (be ſure)
And veil the Bonnet with *Vot ſerviture:*
So holy Cloyſters Veneration's dumb,
Their walls being motto'd with *Silentium.*
But as the Heraulds blazon Princes Coats
Not by mean colours, but Celeſtial Noats;
By Heavenly Planets, thence to ſignifie
Their near approaches to Divinity.

So

So an inſpired Angel from the Muſe
Of *Jeſſe*'s Son, this equal task ſhould chuſe,
With quill pluck'd from a *Cherub*'s wing to paint
The great Example of this illuſtrious Saint.
Her Apparition makes me all agaſt,
Like her of *Endor*, or th' Enthuſiaſt,
Scar'd and convulſt with his own Oracles,
Thou Conſtellation of Miracles.
Epitome of the whole ſphere of Excellence,
Extract of all that nature could diſpence;
Where Great, and Good, Noble, and Humble met,
Learned, and Modeſt; Wit without Deceit,
That skil in Scriptures and in Tongues ſhe got,
Made her a living Bible Polyglot.
Theſe did not puff her up; ſhe did deſcend
To the kind Offices of Wife and Friend,
Mother and Siſter, as if Ethicks were
Not ſo much taught her, as tranſcrib'd from her;
Oh what a glorious Creature and how rare
A Saint 't would be, that had what ſhe could ſpare.
Where hath ſhe left her Equals now in fame,
But in the Noble Houſe from whence ſhe came;
Too ſmall alas! where Vertues ſacred Fire
Retires in Embers, Oh may't ne're expire;
Dark Lanthorn of the moſt reſplendent Light,
There is the *Goſhen*, all the reſt is Night.
Alas our *Pharos* is blown out of late
By which we did proſperouſly Navigate,
And trade both Indies for more precious wealth,
A nobler Traffique with Heav'n and her ſelf;
But whilſt we did expect ſo rich a Cargo,
Death on the ſudden made this ſad Imbargo.
We only expect a reſtitution there (cleare.
Where Saints ſhall be reveal'd, & th'Revelation

William Langham.

An Elegy

Upon the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

And

MOST INCOMPARABLE

LADY,

The Lady

ELIZABETH LANGHAM,

Who departed this life

March 28. 1664.

COme ſacred Muſe aſſiſt my Quill,
With ſomewhat of your learned Skill;
Inſpire my Fancy from on high,
Who to *Parnaſſus* ne'r came nigh.
Fear not the ſpleen of Criticks eie,
For *Momus* cenſure I defie.
Egg'd on with Duty, Love and Zeal,
My unpractiz'd Muſe I will reveal.

Look

Look not for much from a ſmall ſtore,
She that gives all can give no more.
Proclaim I do our own ſad Fate,
By what has faln out of late:
The Sun which makes a perfect Day,
Its influence took from her bright Ray,
Who while ſhe here did make her ſtay,
Each minute had more worth than Day.
Belov'd, admir'd, ador'd by all,
No equal had (ſince *Adam*'s fall)
Deſcended of a Noble Line,
A *Vertuoſa* moſt Divine:
The Royal blood ran in her veins,
And guiltleſs did admit no ſtains,
Her Fame was great, and of Renown,
She to her Husband was a Crown;
No ſand of time did e're ſlip by,
Without its action ſweet as high,
Improving all the coſt was ſpent,
On her Large ſouls ennoblement;
Of ſuch a body as might vye,
With glorious ones in purity:
When ſhe her eie-lids did diſplay,
The Sun aſham'd made haſt away;
And we might ſee the Day-ſtar riſe,
Within the circuit of her eies:
Alone ſhe ſtood (in her bright ſphear)
Not to be matched far or near.
All Beauties which might bleſs the ſight,
Mixt with tranſparent Vertues light,
At once producing love and awe:
Her ſouls perfection had no flaw,
Diſcerning thoughts, but a calm breaſt,
Moſt apt to pardon, needing leaſt;

Strict,

Strict, mild, and humble, great and good;
As all her Friends well understood.
Most pious in her life and death,
(A Pattern to her latest breath)
Heav'n could not brook the earth should share
A Pearl of such a Price; so rare,
So good, so wise, so chast, so blest,
Angels alone can speak the rest,
God took her hence betimes, lest we
Should fall to flat Idolatrie.

Anne Lumley.

Upon
The much Lamented Death
Of
That moſt vertuous and Incomparable
LADY
ELIZABETH
Daughter of the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
FERDINANDO Lord *HASTINGS*,
Earl of
HUNTINGDON.
And Wife to the
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,
Sr. *JAMES* LANGHAM.

PAſs not, but wonder, and amazed ſtand
At this ſad Tomb; for here incloſed lie
Such rare perfections, that no tongue, or hand
Can ſpeak them, or pourtray them to the eie:

Such

Such was her body, ſuch her ſoul divine,
Which hence aſcended, here hath left this ſhrine,
To tell her Princely birth, and high deſcent,
And what by noble *Huntingdon* is meant,
Tranſcends the Heralds Art, beyond the rules
Of Ore, or Argent, Azure, or of Gules:
To that Nobility her Birth had given
A ſecond added was, deriv'd from Heaven;
Thence her habitual goodneſs, ſolid worth
Her piety, her vertues blazon forth,
Her for a pattern unto after ages,
To be admir'd by all, expreſt by ſages,
Who whilſt they write of her, will ſadly ſorrow,
That ſhe did not ſurvive to ſee their morrow.
So good in all Relations, ſo ſweet
A Daughter, ſuch a loving Wife; diſcreet
A Mother, though not hers, not partial,
She lov'd, as if they had been natural.
To the Earl and Ladies ſhe a ſiſter rare,
A Friend, where ſhe profeſt, beyond compare.
Her hours were all preciſely kept, and ſpent
In her devotions; and her ſtudies meant
To ſhare ſome for her languages, which ſhe
In Latine, French, Italian, happilie
Advanced in with pleaſure; what do I
Recount her parts? her Memory ſpeaks more
Than what can be, or hath bin ſaid before.
It asks a Volume rather than a Verſe
Which is confined only to her Herſe.
But now bleſt Soul, She is arriv'd at Heaven,
Where, with a Crown of life, to her is given
A new tranſcendent Name, to th' world unknown,
Not writ in marble, but the Saints white Stone:
Inthron'd above the ſtars, with glory crown'd,
Enſtal'd with bliſs, and Hallelujah's ſound.

On the

MEMORY

Of the

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

And

VERTUOUS LADY,

The Lady

ELIZABETH,

Late Wife to the worthy

Sr. *JAMES LANGHAM*

KNIGHT.

HIghly deſcended, born of nobleſt bloud;
Yet one, who (Great) was not more Great than good,
Skill'd in the Languages, and in the Arts,
(Acquired learning added to good parts.)
Humble, Grave, modeſt, and of temper ſweet,
Wiſe to keep ſilence, when as it was meet:
And knowing how, as well, to ſpeak in ſeaſon,
And then to guide her tongue with grace, & reaſon.

In

In place, of a good Lady dead, to come,
And, ſo well, to fill up the *Vacuum*;
By acting ſo the Wife, and ſo the Mother,
(One would have thought ſhe had not bin another)
Acting both ſo, as if the very ſame
Mother and Wife, deceas'd, were come again.
So full of all the tend'reſt love and care
To two ſweet Children, which another bare:
To Husband ſo obſequious and ſo ſweet
In carriage, that an help more meet
He could not have. And as to each Relation
Wondrous obliging in her Converſation.
The meaneſt perſon That would not contemn,
That, raſhly, would not any one condemn.
Who, alwaies, would interpret in beſt ſenſe,
What others uſe to rack with violence.
Eaſie to pardon other's faults, and yet
Severe in thoſe laws, which t'her ſelf ſhe ſet.
One, to the poor, that did draw forth her ſoul,
So much, their pinching wants ſhe would condole.
What time ſome, of her Rank, do ſet apart
To Cards and Plays, who ſpent to ſearch her heart,
To read, and pray, and to converſe with God,
With whom ſhe hop'd, once, for a bleſt abode.
The Sun did not, more duly, ſet and Riſe,
Than ſhe kept conſtant to this Exerciſe.
The Lords Day was her joy, his word her meat,
Which ſhe not only Read, and Heard, but Eat.
But where's the Subject, unto which this throng
Of Epithets and Adjuncts doth belong?
Is ſhe i'th' Land of Living? Alas! No,
She might have been ſeen here ſome months ago.
She *was*, How ſad a word's this *Was*! (woes me)
This bleſſed Lady *Elizabeth was* ſhe.

Hasting to Heaven, she touch't (by the way)
At *Crosby*-House, where we hop'd she would stay;
But fondly: Of a suddain she took flight (sight.
Heav'n ward, and's gone: she's quite gone out of
Into the World she came, it's vanity,
She saw; contemn'd, and withdrew presently.

T. B.

In Obitum Illustrissimæ Heroinæ, Dominæ *ELIZABETHÆ* LANGHAM, Epicedium.

ERgone fœminei laus, & victoria sexus,
Et desiderii meta suprema jacet?
Una bonis animi, generisque, & corporis aucta,
Quæ data sunt aliis singula, cuncta tulit.
Nobilis a proavis, & origine magna Parentum,
Nempe Huntingdoniæ *splendida gemma domus.*
Invidia, haud pietas est hanc deflere Beatam,
Cui data cœlesti est clara corona polo.
Marmora mitte igitur, celebrare aut carmine laudes,
Huic immortali, quid moritura struis?
Namq; loquendo, satis dignè laudaverit unquam
Nemo, nisi hic mœrens qui stupet atque silet.

An

An Epitaph.

STay! read her name, leſt thou paſs traveller,
Hence irreligiouſly without a tear.
Say, didſt thou know her? then thy loſs reſent,
If not? at leaſt thy ignorance lament.
Here lyes interred one, by whoſe deceaſe
Heav'n hath one Saint the more, and earth one leſs.
Where Grace and Nature truly did preſent
A compleat draught, of what was excellent.
In whom dwelt virtue with Nobility,
Great parts, with yet greater Humility.
Her well repleniſht mind did like a vein
Of Earth, a Rich and plenteous ore contain.
Strictneſs, zeal, mercy, meekneſs, patience,
Combin'd to take up here their reſidence.
Her out-ſide ſpoke it, as if deſign'd to tell
How pure, and large a ſoul within did dwell.
How in her Face, and carriage might You ſee
Bright Honour, ſhadowed with modeſty.
Her Gravity with ſweetneſſe mixt, did ſhew,
That diſtance was not her deſire, but due.
Too ſoon ſnatcht hence, to prove that ſhe was (here,
Not an Inhabitant, but Sojourner.
Sleep then in ſilence quietly her duſt,
Till the Reſurrection of the juſt.
When Body and Soul ſhall re-united be,
And each enjoy their Immortality.

To the

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

And Worthy of Honour,

Sir *JAMES LANGHAM.*

A Memorial of

His Most Dear and Excellent Wife,

THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The LADY

ELIZABETH,

A great pattern of true Honour and Piety.

WHat Man can write, that's not Enthusiast,
I mean not, what thou art, but what thou wast?
Can Man breath living Words, and realize
Thy Worth, and not be thought to Poetize!
But thy great Name, and far greater Merit,
Will clear my Verse, from a lying Spirit.
Similitudes from Sun, Stars, Meteors
Dwelling in Clay, are but low Metaphors.
All were Mine own, and nothing like to Thine,
If I should speak of Thee, less than Divine.

I

I have ſeen *David's* Harp, but not his Heart
On Buckrom dawb'd, the Noble inward Part
Was too ſubtile to come to Painters view,
'Tis my hard task to ſhew a Saint to You.
Once it was ſaid, the Gods came down like Men;
I miſs a Godly one gone hence agen.
If here I rob'd a Tomb, and there a Stone,
And ſhap'd her like to ſome Phantaſtick One,
And ſet up Her Pillar, like goodly *Saul*,
Higher than thoſe in *Weſtminſter*, and *Paul*.
Or for a louder ſtrain, ran to ſome Poet,
Her Reverend Ghoſt would chide me for it.
Out of the truly Noble Maunch ſhe came,
The Badge of Honour, that's known by her Name:
From Kingly Lyons, and the *Flowers De Lice*,
You may diſcern Her yet far higher rice.
Her Family thrice mix'd with Royal Blood,
She knew; and yet, as though not underſtood.
She ſpake not on't, as if ſhe never knew
The large and Noble Stem, on which ſhe grew;
Or yet, as if that Elevating Blood
Was, like Rich Drops, loſt in a Richer Flood.
That precious Blood, that Her did cleanſe from ſin,
The only Blood was, that ſhe glory'd in.
She did eſteem the ſecond Birth the better,
The firſt was High, Below, the other greater
If we do higher look. This high born Mind,
Enrich'd with Parts, ſoar'd higher ſtill to find
That hidden Life, ſecrets of Piety,
Pure Love, unfeigned Faith, true Charity.
Her Life, and actions a good Comment was
Upon Gods Law, in which as in a Glaſs,
She dreſs'd Her inward, and Her outward part:
Her humble Carriage, ſpake an humble Heart.

She learn'd the Law, both to obſerve and love it,
From *None but me*, unto, *Thou ſhalt not covet.*
She was oth' good *Elizabethan* Sect,
That, blameleſs, bear to all Gods laws reſpect;
But yet no *Phariſaic* Legaliſt,
Her Works were Fruits of living Faith in Chriſt.
She 'gan the day with God, with him it ended,
'Scapes mark'd to day, were all to morrow mended.
From God in Cloſet, Church, warm and devout,
No waſte-time paſtimes ever turn'd her out.

Her Husband's ſoul and Hers you'd think were (twin'd,
Rare Parts, rare Hearts, matched into a mind.
But! Death conſenting not to ſuch rare Matches,
Away from him, his right half ſoon diſpatches.
Is there no way to break a Match, and not
Undo the ſuff'ring part, to whoſe hard Lot
Surviving fall's? But, this hath alwayes been,
Since Man and Wife op'ned the door to Sin.

His Children Hers became, whoſe curious care
Was to compleat, and Saint that hopeful Pair.

Her Servants were the Flock, ſhe duely fed
With Milk, and the Portions of that Bread,
Which from Her Fathers houſe, ſhe carri'd home,
And did impart to all about her ſome.
In all Relations, home, and abroad,
She liv'd like ſuch an one, as would pleaſe God.
Her Face was Wiſdom's Front, and Her Demeanour
Obſerv'd the Laws of Meekneſs and of Honour.
Her Speech, her Looks, her Perſon ſo array'd,
Spake, that ſhe look'd to God, to Heav'n and pray'd.
Her ſenſes Servants were, Reaſon was Lord;
Fruitful ſhe was in Deeds, ſparing in Word.

I cannot paſs by what ſhe ne're look'd o're,
Gods great Receivers, miſerable poor:
She felt their cold, and wants as well as they,
She was the ſaddeſt when they went away.
She made them Rich, they made her Spirit poor,
They ſpent her Alms, ſhe of their moans made ſtore.
She was no Legend--(but a Scripture--) Saint,
Her piety no Hypocritick paint.
I will not ſpeak what ſhe was not, for Nots
Are in a Character but comely blots.
If ſhe had lived in thoſe darker Times,
When Legends went about with Monkiſh Rhimes.
She had at leaſt been canoniz'd at *Rome*,
And hither crouding multitudes would come,
To ſee the Reliques, which, nor lead, nor ſtones
Could guard thoſe Aſhes, and thoſe Sacred Bones.
But in this brighter day, ſhe was a light,
Her Morn was Noon, but ah! her Noon prov'd night.
(Night, like that Cloud in which the Sun doth ride,
We have the Cloud, ſhe's on the ſunny ſide.)
Her Life drop'd in the Flow'r, Grace grew Mature,
Grace ſeldom dwelt with a better Nature.
O happy ſhe! would all of us were there!
And yet, if ſo we wiſh, why ſtay we here?
Earth was no bait: Heav'n was ſo much prefer'd,
That firſt ſhe dy'd before ſhe was *interr'd*.
Cœleſtial mind! ſhe's fled unto her Crown,
Here was not Earth enough to weigh her down.
But, that there is none perfect here, I know,
I ſhould go nigh to ſay, that ſhe was ſo.
Sir, ſhall I write? or muſt I here forbear?
Leaſt every line I write coſt You a Tear.
I have of Her great Deeds collected ſome,
The Margent of whoſe Life would fill a Tome.

Edward Pierce.

AN ELEGY
On that Right Honourable And Right Pious LADY,

The
Let Herauldry display her Progeny,
Aggrandiz'd both with Age and Majesty.
Death Royal Lions conquers, Lillies blasts:
Yonder's that glorious Piety, that last's,
Ev'n when time's teeth shall have disgrac'd the
Laying all level, and it self be hurl'd (world,
Into the gulf of vast Eternity.
She had a mind most humble, yet as high;
Aspiring Saint! who Earth a foot-stool made,
But Prayer's mount, the vantage ground, whose aid
Enabl'd her to step into the Throne;
That her ambition was, and That alone.
How sparing of her words! more of her time:
Leaving this matchless praise behind; no Crime
Blemish left on any word or deed:
No not for many years! Such exact heed
Govern'd both tongue and feet. O glorious hight!
Her bended knees made her walk so upright,
As for her Honour; 'twas supported by
Most orient vertues, which her memory
Now do embalm. In sickness patience
Obtain'd the garland with preeminence.
Whilst in that fornace try'd; She Jesus spy'd,
Her Joy, loosing the bonds, which burnt, she dy'd.
At our black midnight, dawn'd her brightest day:
Presently wip't from her's, all tears away;
Pouring them into our lamenting, eies.
Ye clouds dissolve: gush forth ye springs, Arise ---
But!

But! here (that Painter's Rhetorick) a Vail
Signifies moſt, when tears and pencils fail.
Silence (grief's Oratour, and wonder's tongue)
Uttereth beſt thoſe ſighs and thoughts that throng,
Sticking aſtoniſh't within ſorrw's womb.
God's word, her worth, our grief, bid, make us dumb.

To the
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
Sir *JAMES LANGHAM*
Upon the Exaltation of his ſecond Lady, &c.

Honoured Sir,

WHen firſt you encirel'd in your happy Arms
That Center of perfections and charms;
My Muſe rejoyc'd, that, though your *Stars were ſet,
(Muffling you in a two years darkneſs) yet
A Sun was ris'n, whoſe moſt illuſtrious raies
Mingling with yours, at once would ſhew & praiſe
Kind vertues Darlings; and withal advance
Joy the aſcendant in your countenance:
As if that former ſplendent Piety
Improv'd and gilded with Divinity;

* 10 Stars were born by his former Lady in her paternal Coat.

Into

Into your lap, once more, were ſtowred down
From Heav'n; whence marriages have birth & crown.
But oh ſo dark it was when ſhe went hence!
That groping, we, our faith and patience,
Could hardly find: and ſtumbling at her Urn
Had almoſt fall'n a murmuring; to turn
Loſs into ſin. But (Sir) thus take the plot;
God join'd your hearts in that true Lovers knot,
That when his Angels, that bleſt Soul, away
Should carry, home, to bliſs, you might, obey
The doubl'd force of this attractive cord,
Start up and ſay, my Wives, my God, and Lord
Stand above beckning on that heav'nly mount,
Whilſt the ſlow minutes with my ſighs I count.
I'l ſpeak no lowder, leaſt your griefs awake;
But, wipe your eies, look, run, and overtake:
And ſhine in triumphs, having rais'd a name,
As great as hers; who came, pray'd, overcame.

Sam: May.

In

In *obitum* Honoratiſsimæ Dominæ Dominæ *ELISABETHÆ* LANGHAM, Illuſtriſſimorum *Ferdinandi* & *Luciæ* Comitum *Huntingdoniæ Filiæ* natu maximæ: Et inſigniſſimi *viri* Domini *Jacobi Langham* Equitis aurati, *Conjugis* ſemper deſideratiſſimæ *Heroinæ* incomparabilis & immortalitate dignæ, ἀπὸ σκήνους *defunctæ* τὸ ἐπὶ τάφιον, ſive *Epicedium.*

Iſte parum (Lector) *monitum te convenit*; *illis*
Ne fidens oculis decipiare tuis.
Quicquid enim cernis, non eſt quod cernis, & illud
Cernere quod poteras, cernere poſſe negas.
Effuſis nimium lachrymis vittantur ocelli,
Intempeſtivis fletibus ora cadunt.
Expectas (ſcio ſat) tumulum, *gelidumque* Sepulchrum,
Oſſa, urnam, cineres anticipare ſoles;
Sed minus attentè; ſi quæris talia, credo,
Non ſunt hæc iſto conſpicienda loco.
Quem ſpectas, non eſt tumulus, *ſed* lectus, *& urna*
Quam credis, non eſt urna, *ſed* arca Dei.
Non pulvis, *ſed* pulvinar; *non* oſſa, *ſed* ara
Scilicet è ſaxis conſumulata ſacris.
E quibus hæc? ſi fortè roges, Virtutibus *iſtis*
Præſto eſt hinc animum figere velle tuum;

Quæ

Quæ tantam Dominam *ſolitæ ſunt cingere* vivam
Nec modo defunctam *deperiiſſe ſinunt.*
Quos ego ſi cuperem Lapides diſtinguere junctos,
Perque ſuos gemmas enumerare vices,
Ne poſſim cumulo vereor ſuccumbere toto,
Ignaruſque *mali mole perinde premi.*
Attamen experiar; quid enim non audet amoris
Impetus, & votis haud ſatianda ſitis?
Quid negat officii *ratio aut* reverentia *mentis*
Quæ neſcit ſtimulos diſſimulare ſuos?

O Sanctam *in Cœlis* Animam *& Cœleſtibus auctam!*
Te quibus Auſpiciis *amplificare queam!*
Nolo quidem ſtirpem *tot Regum ſtemmate claram,*
Aut Genus *aut Proavos commemorare tuos.*
Quanquam ſi vellem digito te pingere poſſem
Summis Principibus *Nobilitate parem.*
Te Pietas, *te ſancta* Fides, *te propria* Virtus,
Contemptus mundi, *ac* Relligionis amor.
Tranſmittent ſeclo nunquam moritura futuro
Pignora, & æterni Marmoris *inſtar erunt.*
Conjugis *Affectus retinebat viſcera* Prolis,
Deliciæ Matris; *Deliciæque* Viri.
Accedunt Fratris *lachrymæ, gemituſque* Sororum,
Affines, ſociæ *congemuere piæ.*
Rara animi Comitas, *blandique placentia* vultus,
Sed majeſtatis *non aliena modis.*
Felici Ingenio *juncta eſt* Prudentia *nexu,*
Divitiis ac animi Lingua *diſerta comes.*
Anglica Romanam *ſuſcepit*, Gallica Græcam
Nec minus Italicos *eſt imitata ſonos.*
Sedula Divini *præibat lectio* Verbi
Audita eſt grata Concio *ſacra mora.*

Mox

Mox pia Colloquiis *ceſſit meditatio crebris*
Singula præmiſſa ſanctificata prece.
Chara Homini, *dilecta* Deo, *ſed mortua* mundo
Perpetuas meriti tot Monumenta tui.

Tho. Horton S. T. D.

To the
Eminently Learned and Religious
Sir *JAMES LANGHAM* Knight.
In pious memory of his
Moſt Excellent CONSORT
The Lady
ELISABETH LANGHAM
Daughter of the Right Honourable
FERDINANDO
Earl of *HUNTINGDON.*

Moſt honoured Sir,

PReaching hath ſpoil'd my Poetry, and I
Inſtead of writing Elegies, Learn to die.
But if I ſhould Ambitious be to uſe
A Fairer, Nobler, and Diviner Muſe

Than all the Nine; That Phœnix of high prize
Could only from your Ladies Aſhes riſe;
Able, with Life, wit's Carcaſe, to inſpire,
And warm the coldeſt Brain with Heav'nly fire.
Yet then no ſooner would that Flame appear,
But your ſad Loſs would quench it with a tear.
For never was all Good in One ſo met,
(Like Diamonds and Pearls in pure Gold ſet.)
Her High-born Bloud flow'd from the Royal ſpring,
To which great Birth, Grace, did a Greater bring.
So that in Her we might theſe Wonders ſee,
Princely Grandeur crown'd with Humility;
Beauty, with Learning, Wealth with wiſdom ſhin'd,
And piety ſo kept Court within her Mind,
That if for loſt Religion we ſhould look,
In her Life we might Read the Holy Book.
And if for baniſh'd Modeſty wee'd ſeek,
We might behold it bluſhing in her Cheek.
Her Temp'rance too was much, her Charity more;
'Twas Meat and Drink to Her, to feed the Poor:
And with her Alms ſuch Counſel ſhe would give,
As might at once make Soul and Body live.
Publick and Private, ſhe ne're drew in Air,
But what went out in holy Word or Prayer.
With this ſhe Honor'd all her Honors, and
Enrich'd your Family more than all your Land.
Others are Glorious from their Anceſtrie,
But ſhe Ennobled Her Nobilitie.
That Wife which Famous *Overburie* writ
With Height of Judgment, Eloquence and wit,
Was but a Type of her, who can alone
Be Peer'd with the *Eleū Lady of St. John.*
Whoſe praiſe is better Preach'd than Poem'd forth,
No Verſe but what's a Text can reach her Worth.

Our

Our Meeters added to this Sermon, ſound
Like *Sternbold*'s Rhimes with th' *Holy Bible* bound.
I'l borrow then Words from the *Preaching King*,
And with His Hallow'd Truth Her Glory ſing.
Many a Daughter hath done vertuouſly *Prov.*
But ſhe excell'd them all; I might apply 31.29
Much of that Chapter to Her, as a Wife
Who acted, what is writ there, to the Life.

R Weſt. D D.

On the death of the truly
Noble and Vertuous LADY
ELISABETH
Wife to
Sir *JAMES LANGHAM* Knight,
Who dyed great with Child.

Could Beauty, Wealth, Wit, Learning, Grace or Birth
Free any one from death, thy life would have
Been laſting as thy Fame, nor had the Earth
And Heav'n call'd back the Jewel that they gave.

But ah, alas! ſuch noble Souls as thine
Dwell in as crazy cottages as ours;
Yea, being fram'd of mold more pure and fine,
They are leſs able to brook ſtorms and ſhowrs.
Hence Thou art gone betimes; and we remain
A while behind, here to condole our loſs,
To celebrate thy memory, and complain
That want of ſuch as Thee's our greateſt croſs.
But Thou, ſweet Infant, loſeſt nought at all,
But gaineſt, by thy Mothers early death:
Her womb's thy tomb; thou haſt a funeral
Before a birth, and dy'ſt ere thou draw'ſt breath.
Thus without knowledge of this gloomy ſhade,
Wherein we ſadly wander up and down,
Thou a quick paſſage unto Heav'n haſt made,
And without ſweat or toil haſt got the Crown.
Let not ſurviving Friends then take't amiſs,
Becauſe they ſaw thee not to ripeneſs grown:
For thou art ripe before them, and in bliſs,
Longing to ſee them alſo wear the Crown.

Anthony Scattergood D. D.

STemmata imaginibus, titulis distincta, Coronis
Inclyta, quam decorant, Ornant quam propria virtus,
Quam pietas, quam Religio, mens para, fidesque,
Conjuge quæ fulget, cui par vix contigit ulli
Conjuge qui gaudet, cui par vix contigit ulli
Quam cito, quam subito nobis erepta, parenti
Eximiæ chara, Eximio perchara marito!
Ereptam heu lugemus, lugemus ademptam
Terris, æthereas sedes gaudemus adeptam.
Comprime nunc lachrymas ergo, mœstissime conjux.
Comprime nunc lachrymas ergo mœstissima mater;
Terreno sponso, Terrena matre relictis,
Cœlesti sponso, Cœlesti patre potita
Cœlicolas inter sedet, æternumque sedebit.

Pauculis hisce versibus lectissimæ, Illustrissimæ, Nobilissimæ Heroinæ *ELISABETHÆ HASTINGIÆ* Celsissimi comitis *Huntingdoniæ* Filiæ; Illustriss: ac Nobiliss: Viri *Jacobi Langhamii* equitis Aurati conjugi, Londini parentabat

Ludovicus Heraldus
Ecclesiæ *Londino-Gallicæ*
Ecclesiastes.

In Obitum
ILLUSTRISSIMÆ
Heroïnæ Dominæ
ELISABETÆ HASTINGIÆ,
Honoratiſſimi Comitis
HUNTINGDONIÆ Filiæ.
Ad Illuſtrem ipſius Conjugem, Dominum
JACOBUM LANGHAM,
Equitem Auratum.

Παραμύθιον.

LAnghamiæ decus ornamentum & gloria gentis,
O inſignis Eques quo non inſignior alter,
Magne opibus, major virtutibus atque loquela
Melliflua tibi quam donavit ſuada Latina.
Miraris mœſtus cur intra quatuor annos,
Uxores tibi fata duas in flebile mortis
Impegium rapuere? ſtupenti mente revolvis,
Tecum, cur intra luſtrum thalamus tuus orbus
Bis ſit, qua cauſa cogaris vivere ſolus?
Nil tamen eſt cur attonitus Clariſſime Langham.
Expendas animo fati decreta, Deique
Conſilium ſapiens quod ſacra agitare marita
Te prohibet nimium mirere, Hymenæa feſta,
Tranſivere cito, pauciſque potitus es annis.

Quei,

Queis tibi subsidium Numen donarit amatæ
Uxoris, quia nimirum meliore potiri.
Vita digna erat uxorum utraque. Poma videre est,
Decidere arboribus cum sunt matura, quid ergo
Miri est si uxores ambas discedere mundo
Videris, æternæ matura erat utraque vitæ.
Præterea quæ sunt in terris summa, necesse est
In pejus ruere ac retro sublapsa referri:
Pancratica si quis fruitur valetudine, parte
Ex omni incolumis sanusque, incesset acerbus.
Morbus eum pinguesque cito populabitur artus,
Febris, sic cum quis fœlix est atque beatus
In terris quantum sors fert mortalis, iniquum
Adversumque illi casum fortuna minatur.
Nil ergo mirum tibi contigit, aura secunda
Afflabat tibi, te vultu spectare sereno
Sors dignabatur, planè tibi nulla negarat
Illorum vitam quæ possunt reddere amœnam.
Dives erat, clarus doctrina & mallus honore,
(*) *Missus ab* Augusta *fueras civitate* Britanni,
Quæ caput est orbis, qua vix ingentior ulla est
In toto mundo, quo ipsius nomine posses.
Omnia magnanimo vivere beata Monarchæ,
Sub cujus tremit imperiis & lætatriumphat
Anglia, *quando vacas Belgarum solvit ab oris,*
Ut posset natale solum liberare Tyrannis,
Sub quibus ingemuit sævis tolerandi labores,
Angligenisque suis dominari legibus æquis.
Gaudens inde novo cumulatus honore rediisti,
Cuncta videbatur tibi tum promittere fausta
Fatum, sed subito lecto tibi tollitur uxor,
Quæ nunquam laudata satis, quamquam monumentum
Nobile fecit ei Reverendus Episcopus ille
Nordovicum quem religio doctrinaque summa
Commendant & qui sacrorum ex ordine Patrum,
Esse merebatur quos fulgens infula vestit,
Et quorum regitur prudenti Ecclesia cura,
Placata dein sorte fuit tibi reddita conjux

(*) *Londinum* vocatur *Augusta* ab Ammiano *Marcellino.*

Altera, quæ potuit desiderium omne prioris
Ex animo delere tuo, charæque Mariæ
Te facere omnino immemorem, nam gloria sexus
Fœminei dici poterat perfecta quæ quantum
Ulla sit inter eas quæ gaudent luminesanè
Elisabeta *tua omnigeno splendore micabat*
Et quæ fœlices faciunt, collecta tenebat:
Stemmate fulgebat quo vix illustrius ullum,
Nata erat antiquo magnatum sanguine, vixit
Nobilis ingenio, meritis, virtutibus atque
Sincera pietate, ut deni que plurima paucis
Dicantur, te digna fuit, Dignissime Langham,
Illustrique sua proles dignissima Matre.
Verum cheu mundus tam præclara hospite dignus
Non fuit, illa ideo lumen vitale reliquit,
Ac ipso vere ætatis sua fata subivit.
Hæc equidem mors est inconsolabile vulnus
Si carnem auscultes; verum si credere verbo
Divino placeat, nulla est tibi causa doloris,
Nec vano decorare ipsius funera fletu
Debes, quippe nesas illam dubitare beatam
Esse; æternos cœlorum transivit in orbes
Et nostras fugit tenebras ut lumine vero
Se impleret, pulsetque sequens convexa Tonantis
In cœlum quo digna fuit quidque anxia votis
Optabat recipi atque choris permista beatis,
Collaudare Deum cujus flagrabat amore.
Jam Christum spectans qui nostra ptacula demit
Dulcia sepositis persentit gaudia curis,
Jucundis ejus nunc gaudet amoribus, & jam
Elizabeta * *suo Domino satiatur abundè,*
Omnia subsiliunt ejus præcordia, namque
Non solum fruitur conspectu Virginis almæ,
Quæ mundi Regem sub luminis edidit auras.
Verum etiam æterni soboles æterna Parentis
Obversatur ei summo fulgore coruscans:
Sicque micans radiis quantis non fulget Olympus.

(*) Vox אלישבע quam Græci *Exod.* 6. 23. Ελισάβετ dedere significat Deus meus est satietas.

Nos

Nos dolet in terris tanta ſub nocte jacere,
Et noſtras miſerata vices noſtros que dolores
Expetit ut demum cœleſtia templa recepti
Secum perpetuum Numen celebremus in ævum.
En illam contemplor majeſtate verendam
Summa, ſtellarum cinctam radiante corona
Tempora, qua coram palleſcunt lumina ſolis
Ætherea inter mentes ſanctaſq; cohortes
Spirituum quos conſummavit gratia Chriſti,
E cœlis ad te raptim hæc in verba laquentem;
O tu qui quondam vitæ lux unica noſtræ,
O conjunx olim dilecte & noſtra voluptas,
Tecum vivebam fœlix ſi terra beatos
Poſſidet, & noſtris nunquam benedicere tædis
Non poteram thalamumque tuum laudare jugalem.
Verum crede mihi noſtriſque fidem addito dictis,
Quam longè a terra diſtat domus inclyta cœli,
Quantum mortales ſuperat venerabile numen,
Tantum ſubſidunt bona queis tecum potiebar
Infra cœleſtis quam duco præmia vitæ.
In terris erat ampla domus, diveſque ſupellex;
Semper erat variis dapibus mea menſa parata,
Ornari poteram gemmis auroque nitenti
Veſte, meis quod majus erat, tua colla lacertis
Amplecti, tibi blanda dare oſcula, mentis
Arcanos ſenſus, imi penetralia cordis,
Scire tui leges & fas & jura ſinebant.
Nunc vero o Conjux immenſa palatia cœli
Incolo, quæ gemmas aurum Solemque ſerenum,
Luce ſua ſuperant, in queis ſpectare triumphos,
Atque trophæa (*) crucis licet, & queis gloria tanta eſt
Mente capi ut non poſſit : honos & ſceptra thronoſque
Poſſideo nihil indiga : vero nectare, vera
Ambroſia veſcor, ſpecie ſatiata Tonantis,
Qui fons æternus vitæ eſt omniſque ſalutis
Author : jam byſſo pura, jam lumine amicta
Incedo : Chriſtus ſtirps vera Dei, Deus ipſe
Jam ſibi me vinclo voluit ſociare jugali

(*) Alluditur ad nomen domus Ampliſſimi Domini *Langham* quæ *Crosby-Houſe* dicitur

Con-

Continuo ille mihi sua porrigit oscula, queis nil
Gratius esse potest, cœlorum denique cunctis
Expansis adytis mihi sacra arcana recludit,
Seque mihi indignæ totum donare fruendum
Non renuit. Quæ causa ergo tot signa doloris
In vultu esse tuo? cur pullo operiris amictu?
Olim lætitiæ dulces sub pectore motus
Volvebas dum læta sui frontem; serenam,
Induëram, cur factum ut jam tibi dispar acerbo
Corrumpas gemitu, quod terque quaterque beata
Ærumnæ vivam immunis, curisque soluta?
Si me diligeres tacito sub pectore totus
Gestires me fati ereptam legibus esse,
Meque videre Patrem summum, qui temperat orbem,
Et cujus visu capiuntur gaudia summa.
Ergo age nulla tuo suspiria ducito corde
Amplius & nullas mœstas expromito voces,
Contentus posito luctu tua tempora comple,
Erigere & lætus certam tibi sume quietem,
Donec cœlestis potiaris præmia vitæ.
Hæc dixit sacraque sua sic voce locuta est,
Plura videbatur dicturа, jubarque coruscum
Descriptura tibi longè radiantis Olympi,
Et quæ in cœlitibus videantur lumina, queisque
Jam rutilet radiis Christus dulcissimus ille
Servator, quem Judæi, gens impia, quondam
Affecere probris variis ac denique dura
Morte peremerunt ut crimina nostra subiret.
At vero meminit divinis vocibus auri
Humana prorsus ignotis esse loquendum,
Exprimere ut posset digrè miracula cœli:
Præterea meminit sibi cum mortalibus ægris
Vetitum non esse, & se nunc agmina sancta
Spirituum Jovam celebrantum laude perenni,
Se Christiam se summum Numen habere sodales,
Atque una cum illis sibi perpetuo esse loquendum.
Idcirco sic fata, silet Christique recumbet
In gremium, sanctam penetrant ubi gaudia mentem,
Clara ubi sunt illam sua gesta secuta, labore
Omni ubi nunc expers meritarum encomia laudum

Perſonat uſque Deo. Nunc ergo maxime Langham,
Expendas tibi mœroris num cauſa ſuperſit
Ulla, an triſtitia oppreſſum decurrere vitam?
Non te dedeceat? Macta eſto, triumphat amata
In cœlis tua conjux, menti ipſius imago,
Sancta tuæ cum aderit vide ne reſpiria corde
Eliciat, potius divino pectus amore
Incendat, mentemque tuam ad cœleſti a tollat,
Te deſiderio ſummaque cupidine totum,
Impleat, olim ingentia cœli tecta videndi,
Æternoque Deum Patrem Dominumque canendi,
Qui ſolo nutu mundi moderatur habenas,
Quemque acies ſuperum flammantes ſemper adorant,
Et cui laus debetur, honos & gloria in ævum.

Sic pientiſſimæ Heroinæ manibus

Parentebat tui nominis ac virtutum

Cultor Humilimus *D' Primiroſius,*

Eccleſiæ *Londino-Gallicæ*

Miniſter.

Epitaphium.

Epitaphium,

SIste viator iter, justa est tibi causa morandi,
Spectare ut possis signatum hoc carmine saxum.
Hic posita est mulier quæ si Solomonis in ævo,
Luce potita esset, judæorum inclytus ille
Princeps non esset conquestus quod sibi frustra
Fœmineo in sexu sapiens quæsita fuisset
Fœmina. Quippe in ea doctrina fidesque micabant,
Dotibus heroicis, pollebat, origine clara,
Dignis quæ sata erat, miranda modestia cunctos
Ipsius mores ornabat. Noscere si vis
Illam, ipsi fuit Elisabeta Hastingia *nomen.*

IN

IN

PERPETUAL MEMORY

Of the Most

RELIGIOUS,

TRUELY

NOBLE, and VERTUOUS

LADY,

ELISABETH:

WIFE to

Sir JAMES LANGHAM,

Knight.

I.

A Thousand times I try'd, but all in vain,
Me thoughts my Verse came on but slow,
And that which us'd to be all wing, could hardly go,
I could not close one happy Strain,
But e're it was half done, begun again.

At

At last, in rage, this once, said I,
And but this once, whether it do, or no, I'll try;
And all my aides I summon'd in,
And bid them all their Treasures bring,
Judgment, Invention, Art and Wit,
Those to obey, and that as Queen to sit;
With all the Offspring of the Brain,
And all the numerous train
Of quick Conceipts, that fancy breeds, or Poets (feigne

II.

I call'd, but could make none to hearc,
Nor Wit, nor Judgment would appeare,
Fancy it self, till then my Tyrant, drew not near.
Yet still I waited, till at last
In stead of these, my Muse came in
With Beauties, that I n'ere before had seen,
Beauties, I dare not venture to express,
Beauties, which words would make but less,
And gently by me would have past,
But never to return again,
Whilst I the Vision wisht might longer last,
And follow'd, more to make it so, then to complain.
But as I that too, thought t' have done,
And told my wrongs, e're she was gon,
With eyes that spoke more pitty, then disdain,
My Muse prevented mine, and thus her speech began.

III.

"What could'st thou hope amidst the Learned Crowd
"Of Votaries that come,
"With more then common service, to this tomb,
"As if thy whispers could be heard, & they so lowd.
"Go seek some other, whom thy Verse may raise,
"Her Virtues are above thy Praise,
"Nor

" Nor there can needed be
" Where all already hath been ſaid,
" By them that knew Her, as ſhe honoured is by (thee
" The living to inſtruct, or praiſe the Dead,
" Yet her Own laurells, more then theirs have (crown'd her Head.
" To tell the Glories of her Name,
" The Families ſhe joyn'd, and whence ſhe came,
" Her Learning, or Her Piety
" The Saint ſhe was, and what ſhee's gon to be,
" How little here ſhe left unknown,
" What ſhe acquir'd, or what was born her Own,
" The Languages ſhe underſtood,
" The beſt of all, and all that they had good,
" The *French*, *Italian*, and the Tongue
" *Tully* declam'd in, and great *Maro* ſung,
" Which *Rome* ſcarce half an age did ſee,
" And longer Miſtriſs of the World could be,
" Then Queen of that, yet never purer ſpoke than (ſhe,
" Theſe are above thy humble flight,
" Whom meaner ſubjects better fit,
" Only the Muſe, that taught her how to ſpeak, her praiſe can write.

IV.

" That ſhall my Province be, and her great name
" I will enroll i'th' laſting Monuments of Fame;
" Amongſt my learned Daughters, who have been
" The Honour of the Age they flouriſht in;
" And whom to Heaven I have preferr'd,
" That thence, with greater awe they might be (heard,
" Like Thunder, both command attention, and be (feard.

" I will immortall make her, I, who gave
" Eternity to them, whom she admir'd;
" My Priests, who triumph o're the grave
" With a less heat, then hers, by me inspir'd.
" Still in my sacred Rolls they live,
" And all, but their own virtues, shall survive;
" When proudest Sepulchers must dye,
" And though they Heav'n and Age defie,
" Low, as the putrid Ashes that they cover, ly.
" They live, and all enjoy eternal day,
" Which shall more glorious grow, and bright
" By this addition of new light,
" When she shall be a Sun, as well as they.
" For so I'll make Her, not a Star,
" As *Cæsar* only was, and Heroes are
" But a bright Sun, that shall below
" Its flames above, and all its influence bestow.
" You wrong Her if you think shee's dead
" For she ne're liv'd till now. --- This having said
The Muse in haste withdrew, and I inclin'd my head.

Sam. Woodford.

In

In Obitum
Honorabilis Dominæ, Dominæ
ELISABETHÆ,
JACOBI LANGHAM,
Equitis Aurati conjugis præchariſſimæ, immaturum, quæ quinto *Calend. April.* noviſſimè dilapſo fatis conceſſit.

QVi multæ proavos oſtentat imaginis, omni
Virtutis propriæ nomine ſæpe caret.
Nobilis hæc Domina inſignes matreſque patreſque,
Enumerat plures, extrahit undè genus.
His ornata licèt, licèt ornatiſſima, cum ſit
Singula Regali ſanguine vena tepens.
Hujus opus tamen, hujus honos, apprendere Chriſtum,
Hinc ſacra fit vitæ pagina norma ſuæ.
Hinc præteztatum pectus virtutibus auctum;
Hinc quoque cæleſti verba referta ſale.
Vita interſtinctis quaſi floribus inſitus Hortus:
Divite decurſus meſſe refectus Ager.
Tanta penes totum diffuſa eſt gratia geſtum,
Ut niſi quod laudes, dicat agatve nihil.
Tempora deficerent, ſi ſingula dicere tentem,
Omnia, ſunt meritis metra minora ſuis.

Mortua sed nunc est, quid dixi? mortua vivit,
Vivet apud Dominum, tempus in omne Deum:
Scilicet huic mors est liber status absque labore,
Nullum ubi peccatum, sed mora labis inops.

Aliud Brevius.

SPonsam permittunt hanc tantum fata, sed ultra
Vivere, & in terris usque manere negant.
Talia, quæ lux hæc profert, spectacula monstrant,
Rebus in humanis stansve moransve nihil.
Ast simul ac Nati ferè, cogimur ire, redire,
Nox ubi perpetua est, & sine sole Dies.

Thomas Martyn.

In Obitum
ELISABETHÆ LANGHAM,
Insignis Nobilitatis Dominæ, chariſſimæ,
JACOBI LANGHAM
Equitis aurati, conjugis.

TRistia fata cano, cecidit flos Nobilis, ebeu:
Casta viro conjux, Docta, Modesta, Pia.
Ossa Sepulchra tenent, animam cælestia Regna.
Hæc cinis: in cinerem tuque redactus eris.

Omnia

Omnia vana fluunt terreſtria. Gratia gratos,
Sola Deo reddit, ſola petenda tibi.
Corpus parturiit corpuſcula nulla, ſed ingens
Fructus ad ſt animæ; qui ſuper aſtraviget.
Non moritur ſterilis, virtutum prole refulgens,
Divini quas nunc ubera lactis alunt.

Vox Cœli.

SEal up thy Springs of Tears, my Dear Relict;
With mournful ſighs, no more thy Soul afflict.
Weep not for me, but for thy ſelf lament;
With Holy Faith prepare for Heav'ns aſcent.
Whence ſpring thy Tears? that I behold Gods face?
And reap the joy-fruits of my Saviours Grace?
Is't love to me? then why, why does it grieve thee,
That by this bleſt retreat, God does relieve me?
Was I not born to dye? and when Death ſtrikes;
Shall that expected ſtroak draw forth ſuch ſhrikes?
What is my gain thy loſs? my Joy, thy Sorrow?
My Weal, thy woe? away, away, to Morrow
Thou and thy Branches ſhall be planted here,
'Bove ſtorms and Winters, free from Care and Fear.
Oh dwell on this, for this provide: thy Lamp
Trim with pure oyl; thy Soul with Grace new ſtamp
Inſtead of cryes for my remove, make haſt,
Me to o'retake, and let not Tears run waſt.
Haſt off rough Seas into the Hav'n of reſt.
Who ſooneſt quit's this World, is ſooneſt bleſt.
What may not God fetch home his loan? and muſt
Heav'n ſtoop to Earth? God's Rights to Mortals luſt?
If bad I ſeem'd, rejoyce thy ills are fled;
If good, Joy, Joy, that I'm lodg'd in Chriſts bed.

Act Gratitude for thy enjoyment of me:
This and not murmur is expected of thee.
Bless God, who bless'd thee with so meet a mate;
First serv'd thy hearts delight with this Rich Cate,
And last himself, don't this content? then hither
Ascend my Dear, and Joy we all together.
Where both shall God, and God shall both enjoy,
And both each other, where nought can annoy,
Or part our blest embraces, pant, fly, mount,
Enter Heav'ns Pallace: where we may recount
Fresh Joys *Sans* measure, where ith' bed of Honour
We'll sollaces exchange, and praise the Donour.
Till then adieu, my Dear. Heav'ns Anthems hollow,
Which call me off, & *mundane* thoughts up swallow.

Blest is the Death, that dyes into bless'd Life:
Where Christ and Saints grow one, as Man & Wife.
Vertue enobles: Grace on high blood graft;
That Crowns with Glory, makes a polish'd shaft.
Transcendent strains surmount my shallow reach,
To flourish I aspire not, but to teach.

L. Goodrick.

TO

To the
PIOUS MEMORY
Of the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
And no less Religious
LADY
The Lady
ELLIZABE'TH,
Wife to
Sir *JAMES LANGHAM.*
Who was marryed to that worthy person, *November* 20. 1662. and dyed great with child, *March* 28. 1664.

FAith now or never help us; See what storms
We are surpriz'd with, Thus Heav'n deals with (Worms,
Mounts them on pinacles of bliss, and thence
Dashes them on the shelfs of Providence:
Peace fretful murmurs, We should wrong the Saint
Her self, should we wrong Heav'n by our complaint,

For Heaven is juſt; at leaſt wee'l Reſt in this
Our loſs makes up her gain, Our woes her bliſs:
But it was no ſurprize Heaven had forbore
Her preſence long, and Angels waited for
Her Night --- While here ſhe ſtaid could not we ſee
That purer ſparkle of Divinity.
Her ſoul ſtill towring upwards to the ſphere
Of bleſſedneſs, whence we might juſtly fear
Earth could not keep her long; while here ſhe ſhin'd
Had we but mark't how her ſeraphick Mind
Reach'd at perfection: How ſhe us'd to dreſs
Her Soul with graces; we might eas'ly gueſs
It was a holy plot 'twixt Heaven and her
To rob us of our joys. Her Heav'nly Dear,
Wanting his Spouſe, loſes her marriage tie
That ſhe might come and live with him on high:
'Twas unto him her Vows were given ere
Her Nuptial contracts here conſummate were;
And (whileſt that little time in happieſt bands
Of wedlock ſhe remain'd) yet her heart ſtands
Faſt to its former vows, and ſtill ſhe longs
With earneſt throbbings and unwearied pangs
Of Love to finiſh thoſe endearments ſhe
Had here begun in an Eternity
Of Bleſſedneſs. Alas we thought when Heaven
Had join'd this Noble pair, and freely given
Pledges of bliſs to each (unparel'd bliſſe
Too great for my weak fancy to expreſs)
When we conſider'd that tame Harmony
Of Minds, & hearts that chim'd their joys, whereby
Two Heav'nly ſouls entwin'd in one great flame
Of love: how we could wiſh that we could frame
A Tabernacle for them, to incloſe
Their joies, and keep them in a long repoſe;

But

But she, that better knew the world than we,
And knew where lay their true felicity,
Seeing our Mistakes, and fearing we should wrong
God and our souls, withdraws out of the throng
Of friends and steals to Heaven; puts out the blaze
Of all our joies and leaves us in a Maze.
Could those indearments be so suddenly
Cut of that linked hearts with such a tie!
Would not Heav'n pity those same groans & tears
That needs must follow such a loss. Ah! here's
Great Love unseen; Our losses are our gain
Oft-times when our enjoyments prove our bane:
God can afford us comforts, but lest we
Should surfeit, calls them back, that he might be
Our chief desire and aim, this likewise knew
That precious Saint who therefore hence withdrew
Her self to Heaven, least such satiety
In time should draw them to Idolatry.
With what a fervent holy jealousie
Kept she her Vows to Christ! fearing lest she,
Blessing her Nuptial state at any time
With too much love, should fail in loving him:
Thus ever tender of that Union
That link't them both to God, she strives to drown
The current of their loves and joies together
In Loves true Fountain, Christ the fairest Lover.
Methinks I hear her chide the Ardencie
Of his affection, fearing lest that he
Should wrong his God by too much loving her;
Sith Christ admits of no Competitor.
And left he should (alas how could he do
But love her where so much love was due)
She leaves him, flies to Heav'n; then calls, My Dear
And bids him if he lov'd her seek her there.

Well She is gon; But Markt we how she went
Home to Her Joyes: A Pursivant was sent,
That like *Elijah* in a Coach of Fire,
Mounted her Spirit to the Holy Quire,
Of Angels; there she Rests: Yet ere she went,
We might perceive her Face that Firmament
Of Beauty spread with stars hiding its light;
Then we Began to bid our Joyes Good night,
We knew our Sun was set and left us here
To shine more Brightly in a higher sphere.
With her refulgent Rays while this our Sun,
Glorify'd our inferiour *Horizon*:
Those her Magnetick Beams (her Graces) Drew
The love of all unto her that but knew,
What Goodness meant; Those Exhalations,
Whilst she was rising, follow'd her but once:
Clouded and set dissolve again and Pow'r,
Themselves on Earth again in a Briny show'r.
But Loose we thus the Phœnix of our Age
Without succession; Had we not a Gage,
A Pledge from Heav'n of one that should survive;
And keep her precious memory alive:
Or was that Dust so sacred that the young
Rather than take a Resurrection,
Should be content to Mingle't with its own?
Earth was not worthy, Heav'n was Greedy so
Possess so Rich a Purchase, both must go
To Glory, Root & Branch, Whilst the glad Mother
With One hand reaches at her Crown, the other
Presents her *fœtus*, with whose Innocence,
Unsullyed yet by Earth, the Blessed Prince
Of Purity delighted, Crowns it with
a Brighter Crown than others. Thus the death,

Of

Of Both gives them a glad deliverie
From preſent and ſucceeding miſerie;
Leaving behind her all thoſe pangs and throws
She ſhould have felt, to be ſupplyed by thoſe,
That big with Love, now ſuffer pangs of grief,
And ſorrows for their ſiſter, daughter, Wife,
And Friend. Yet may her precious memory
Produce ſome ſweeter fruits than theſe, to be
Arguments of our Love; May we ſo live
As ſhe: So learn to grow in grace, and thrive
In goodneſs; So t' improve our golden hours,
So to deny our ſelves and what is ours
To win a Chriſt, So to deſpiſe the Vain
Honours and pleaſures of the world to gain
A Crown of Glory. So to love, as ſhe,
Firſt God, and then our friends; (ſo charity
In her kept to its rule) to imitate
Thoſe luſtres that proclaim'd her truly great,
Her Faith, Devotion, and Humility,
Her meekneſs, ſweetneſs, pity, charity
And Love; Thus to imbalm her memory
Serv's better far than tears. And thus to do
After this life may make us happy too.

R. Tuke.

To the
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
Sir *JAMES LANGHAM*
IN
MEMORY
Of his moſt
VERTUOUS LADY,
The
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
The Lady
ELISABETH,

AS is my Subject, ſuch my Verſe ſhould be,
Grave, ſober, modeſt, full of Piety,
Noble, yet humble, ev'ry way compleat,
Would this my mirrour were but half ſo neat.
Had I but wit and words, great as her name,
All had commanded been to ſerve the ſame.

I want, a golden pen from Angels wing
To write, their heav'nly notes, to ſing
Her praiſe: In whom vertue and greatneſs ſtrove
To make her merit reverence, and Love.
Streams of moſt Royal Bloud did fill her veins,
Yet ſhe did boaſting check with golden reins
Of humble prudence. To the King of of Kings
Ally'd by grace: That laſting honour brings.
England's Eliſabeth and *Suffolks Jane*,
(Each Phœnix of her ſex and age, thoſe twain,
Whoſe vertues, learning, crown'd their glor'ous
(Names)
Were match't by her, whoſe worth all others ſhames.
But death both Saints and Princes doth controwl,
And at the Ciſtern breaks the ſilver bowl.
Could not thy deareſt friends prevent their fears
With all their potency of pray'rs and tears!
Muſt all fall under deaths imperial ſtroke?
Alas! alas! the word by deed is ſpoke.
Were it not hereſie, my heart could wiſh
A pythagorean metempſychoſis:
But ſuch a metamorphoſis would rob
Her of glory, and bring her back to ſob
With us, who in this vail moſt mournfully
Ly humbl'd under ſin and miſery.
Reſt then in bliſs, and let us quiet reſt
With what's now done: for what God doth is beſt.
We wiſh our ſouls with her's; and is it love
To wiſh her ſoul below, and ours above?
She was ſo ſoon, ſo wonderfully grown
Above her ſelf and all that here is known,
That ſoon ſhe was prefer'd and fixt on high,
Above our ſphere, to look like Majeſty.

This

This earthly mould was not of comprehenſion,
Th' impreſs deſir'd, deſerved more extenſion.
This ſtraitned tent could not contain her ſoul;
Her heart to Heaven flew up and then did toll
Her after it, to take deſir'd poſſeſſion
Of that bleſt manſion here ſhe had in viſion.
(Moſt *Worthy Sir*) my Web's homeſpun indeed,
A *levidenſe* with a gouty thread:
A garb too coarſe, to cloath your Ladies name,
Therefore I fear, I ſhall derive your blame.
I wiſh 'twere better, for I do impart,
By this ſame ſymbole, ſymptoms of my heart.
Such as it's I it preſent; it take
Not for the Author's own, but Objects ſake:
Who dy'd once, yea twice, to die no more,
Roſe once, to riſe, to live an endleſs ſcore
Of lives, by myriads to Eternity;
To ſamplar us, that we ſo live, ſo die.

Rich. Hook.

P. M. S.

Honoratiſſimæ Heroidis

ELISABETHÆ *Langham*, &c.

Flete oculi & largos lacrymarum effundite rivos,
Cordaque non ficticiis contrahat ægra dolor,
Ora tegat pallor, torpeſcat lingua, manuſque
Dediſcat cythara ludere dulce melos;
Sed diſcat mœſtum mœſtiſſima tundere pectus,
Edens occulti vulneris indicia.
Sit procul à nobis cultus, lætaminis index,
Hoc ſe ornent quos nil publica damna movent.
Ferte citi veſtes, queis circum veſtiar, atras,
Pullatum pectus dedecet alba toga.
Heu! etenim patriæ, ſexus, evique, domuſq;
Erepta eſt nobis Eliſabetha, *decus:*
Spenſi delitiæ, deſideriumq; ſuorum,
Solamen miſeris, præſidiumq; bonis.
Illa, inquam, cujus nuper connubia læta
Perfudere nova pectora lætitia.
Occidit heu! terraſq; bomineſq; repente reliquit;
Parvum interſtitium eſt inter utramq; facem.
Quam brevia excipunt quam longi gaudia luctus,
Ut nox longa brevi proxima ſolſtitio eſt.
Quantula votorum contingit portio nobis,
Quanta mali moles nos inopina premit!
Quam mera ſunt adverſa, inſinceræq; ſecundæ
Res, quam noſtra hominum eſt lubrica proſperitas!
Mundus hic immundus, ingloria gloria noſtra,
Illepiduſque lepos, noſter amaror amor.
Scilicet hic noſtris infixus mentibus error,

Quod

Quod nimium nobis exteriora placent ;
Atque aliquid quasi tentantes abradere rebus
Ardentem unde queant corda levare sitim :
Acrius ardemus, nimirum nostra cupido
Frænanda immodica est, & retinenda magis.
Tandem igitur discamus eo convertere mentes,
Quo nos supremi vox vocat alta dei.
Et cujus merito deflemus funus acerbum,
Illius vitam factaque sancta sequi
Contendamus. Ego vero quo carmine soler
Cor ægrum & mœrens, Inclyte sponse, tuum ?
Decreto æterno patris parere necesse
Cujus amorem in Te virga paterna docet.
Hunc precor, ut Te constanti amplectatur amore,
Ictuque absque gravi pectus ut Erudiat.
Sponsam olim Tibi percaram signaverat anè
Ipse sibi, donis, pignoribusque datis.
Abstulit Ergo suum, tibi nulla injuria facta est,
Usus Jure suo est Arbiter Omnipotens :
Cui, laus, obsequium, cui debita gloria soli,
Cujus ad arbitrium, hic nascitur, ille perit.
Hoc nobis sit opus, semel ista ut luce renatæ
Dilectæ nunquam, bis pereant Animæ.

Mortua & Fœlix alloquitur Amicos.

Venerauda Mater, sponseq; suavissime,
Frater, sorores, cari amici, quid tument
Lacrymis ocelli ? quidve singultus, sonos
Querulos, frequentes ore pallido intersecant ?
Fugit renidenti ore cur risus, genis
Rubedo, & omne gaudium vultu exulat ?
Carent lepore verba, cultui atque abest
Solitus honos, muta lyra est, ingratum melos ?

Respondent.

Respondent.

Heu! luget, amissam parens tua filiam,
Dulcisque conjux conjugem, Te, singulæ
Cum fratre dilecto sorores in gemunt,
Mœrent amici, si peris, qui gaudeant?

Respondet iterum.

O cæca corda fragilium mortalium!
Men' vos perisse dicitis? vivo procul
A fœce purgata omnium terrestrium;
Melior superstes pars erit semper mei,
Quam dente nigro mors ferox nunquam petet,
Quam non senectus carpet, aut ætas teret.
Egressa terris altiorem intro locum,
Felix quiesco, functa cunctis casibus.
Mutate, mando, luctum acerbum gaudio;
Multis procellis libera, & multis malis,
Portum attigi, & puris fruor tandem bonis:
Non est amici, rebus invidere, æqui,
Florentibus, suorum: iniqui Judices!
Morbum saluti, bella, si pacis bonis,
Præponitis; vel si laborem ducitis
Durum, quiete dulci amabilem magis,
Pœnam voluptate, atque inopia copia,
Securitate antiquius periculum,
Si dedecus præponderare gloriæ;
Miseria si bonitate dulcior.
Ergo; alma mater, sponseque suavissime,
Frater, sorores, cari amici, discite
Colere, alacres, perennem nostri memoriam:
Metam & malorum à morte speretis, modo
Christo marito nupta sit felix anima.

Tho. Domine].

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, The LADY *ELIZABETH* LANGHAM.

THough the *juſt Prayſes* of her *Houſe* would be,
Things nobler, than the *baſeſt Flattery*
Aſcribes to *Others*; ſince no Soul from Hence
E're roſe; but Liv'd *Example* or *Defence*
Unto his Country, and nor any Name
In the whole *Race* needs lean upon the Fame
Of a *great Anceſtor*; yet to *this Tomb*
No pompous brag of *Pedigree* does come,
Nor any Hiſt'ry of her *Princely Blood*,
Writ big, to make the reſt o'th' *Epitaph* good.
She that outwent all *Old*, does claim *New* praiſe:
And is't not due? the *Vices* of the Dayes
She counterpoiz'd, though freſh ones hourly grew,
With *Vertues* both as *Many* and as *New*;

So

So that we ſaw *Religion* did begin,
At length to be on equal terms with *Sin*.
She ſhew'd it was (whileſt *Other Arts* do thrive)
No dull and unadvancing One *to Live*.
Nothing in *Her* was *granted*, nought *deriv'd*,
Her Graces ſweetly *Flowing*, not *contriv'd*.
How did ſhe *Live*! Not like dull Souls, that feel
No *Life* or *Spirit*, but like a *heavy Wheel*
Turn by *Example*, only or by *Paſſion*,
Are *implicitely vertuous*, *good in Faſhion*.
Thoſe Crimes, which weekly with *rude heat* we ſee,
Or *unconvincing ſtifneſs* chidden be,
Her *Manners* did ſo nobly reprehend,
That by *Her* Actions all our Lives did mend:
Ev'ry of which was ſo exempt from blame,
She might on any *One* truſt her *whole Fame*;
Yet ſuch *Her* Piety, that on them *All*,
She would not bear her *Conſcience*. O how ſmall
And limited were *Her* Indulgencyes
To life, who ſcarce durſt ever *taſt* of Eaſe.
Touch't but not *Dwelt* with Pleaſures: no hour ſpar'd
To *Sleek* her Life; it was *ſevere* and *hard*:
Not *outward* or *affected*, whileſt within
The Soul lyes *rioting* in ſloath and ſin.
Like a *ſowr Vot'ry*, at whoſe Cell's *grim* Door,
In publique notice layes her *bloody ſtore*,
Engines of ſullen Penitence, whileſt ſhe
Lyes ſnorting in her ſtall of *Luxury*.
But ſhe not needs that *loathſome Vice* ſtand by,
To *mend* her Form: ſhe's ſeen to every Eye
By Her *own Light*, which flowes upon the ſenſe,
And dazles all our weak intelligence.
She, that liv'd thus, without the *ſmalleſt pauſe*,
To *ſpoyle it* by *contriving* Vain Applauſe.

She that was *Great* and *Noble* without *thought*
Of being ſo, and never poorly *bought*
Renown by little *Ambuſhes* of Good,
Concea'ld, on purpoſe to be underſtood.
She that being grown in every *One* ſo high,
Could uſe ſo *many* Vertues rev'rendly;
Enjoy'd ſo much of *Heaven*, by ſuch *Grace*,
She dy'd for mere *diſtinction of the Place*.

Samuel Willes.

A Monſieur Le Chevalier Jaques *Langeham*: Sur la mort de La Tres Noble, Tres Illu ſtre, & Tres Vertueuſe Madame *Eliſabeth* ſa Chére Moitié-----.

LEs plus cuiſans mal-heurs trouuent allegement,
Apres que le deuoir a rendu ſagement
Tout ce que l'amitie demande à la Nature:
Mais lors que mon Eſprit ſonge a vous conſoler,
Contre les ſentimens d'vne perte ſi dure:
Plus ie ſuis prepare, moins j'ay dequoy parler.
Je ſcay bien que vôtre ame touiours robuſte & ſaine
Auécques ſon diſcours à combatu ſa peine,
Et qu'elle a ſeurément treuvé ſa Gueriſon;
Y taſcher apres vous on ne le peut ſans Blaſme:
Car ie ne penſe pas qu'on treuve en la Raiſon
Que ce que vous treuvez meſmes dedans voſtre ame.
Ne vous aigriſſes plus d'vn chagrin ſi recent
Que votre ame en traitant d'ennuy ce qu'elle ſent;
Pour ſa Chere Compagne ſans ceſſer ne ſoupire.
Ainſi ſon Entretien ne vous ſera rendu
Mais Le Ciel conſolant vos pertes d'vn Empire,
Vous donnera vn jour plus que n'auez perdu.

I. D. dG.

IN

Illuſtriſſimam Heroinam,

ELISABETHAM LANGHAM,

Quæ gravida obiit.

MEns *pia luce mera radioſa perennat* Olympo :
Hæc, bis nata ſolo ; terque beata polo.
Bina per illuſtri tumulantur Corpora tumba :
Embryo, Matrę ſua ; Mater & ipſa, ſua.
Mira bipartito memorantur Facta libello :
Et quæ non capiat, commemorare licet.

Idem contractius.

Corpora, Facta, Animam, *capit*, Urna, Volumen, Olympus,
Bina, Serena, piam, triſtis, Manuale, Refulgens.

S. M. *Ut prius.*

Anagramma

ELISABETHA LANGHAMIA

Ah! hei ! Magna illa abeſt.

Analyſis.

AH *eſt* dolentis *utique pectoris ſonus,*
Et HEI *ſimiliter* ingemiſcentis *tonus.*
Utrumque *Pulchrè convenit negotio*
Præſentis inſtituti, & aptè funebris
Solennitatis exprimit triſtes notas.
Ubi ILLA MAGNA Herois & Miraculum
Præſentis Ævi flentibus nobis ABEST.
Quis non in iſto flebili caſu miſer
Salſas in ipſas ſolveretur lachrymas,
Præſens & *illam condolens* abſentiam
Lugeret hiſce voculis *AH, HEI gemens!*

CHRO-

CHRONOGRAMMA

ELIsabetha LanghaM nobIs abLata Deo VIVIt.

EPIGRAMMA.

CVr impotenti conqueri mur modo?
Vltrave metas plangimus invidi?
Ablata nobis *chara* Langham
Eliſabetha Deo *(ecce)* vivit.

Poſthac amictus *tollite* ſordidos.
Vultuſque *tandem ponite* ſqualidos
Ablata nobis *chara* Langham
Eliſabetha Deo *(ecce)* vivit

Ducat choræas ſpirituum *chorus*
Ovent beati cœlitus Angeli.
Ablata nobis *chara* Langham
Eliſabetha Deo *(ecce)* vivit.

Qui vultis illa *perpetuo frui*
Ipſi *ſupernas ſcandite ſemitas*
Ablata nobis *chara* Langham
Eliſabetha Deo *(ecce)* vivit.

T. H. *ut priùs.*

FINIS.

Upon the

DEATH

Of the LADY

ELIZABETH,

Wife to

Sr JAMES LANGHAM,

Daughter to

FERDINANDO, Earl, and *LUCY*,
Counteſs of *HUNTINGDON*.

COuld Noble Birth command Impartiall Death,
Or court him to prolong this vitall Breath;
A feaver had not ſcorch't thoſe veins, where met
The Blood of *Haſtings* and *Plantagenet*.

If Beauty could have mov'd unto remorſe, (force,
Or charm'd, with pow'rfull ſpells, the conqu'rors
Thoſe cheekes had ſav'd her, where united were
The Roſes both of *York* and *Lancaſter*.

If Vertues ſelf, or Miracles could have done,
She had liv'd ſtill; for ſhe her ſelf was One.
Vertue it ſelf's Immortal; But alaſs
The Vertuous in the Mortall croud muſt paſs.

Her Husbands Riches wee'll not think upon,
(His Mines in preſent, or Reverſion)
As being Richer in his Lovely Bride,
Yet Death her ſnatch't from his unwilling ſide:

Nor yet thoſe Treaſures of a Nobler Mine,
Which make him in the van of Learning ſhine:
His Parts could not (Immortall though they be)
Prolong his better Part's Mortality.

But why preſume I to eclipſe her Rayes
Wronging Perfection with Imperfect Praiſe?
Praiſes that fall below their ſubjects worth,
Deface, and darken, what they ſhould ſet forth.

To ſpeak her Praiſe, her Husbands Tongues, and (thoſe
Which her Incomparable Mother knowes,
(Which are the Moderne and the Learned too)
Are each of them too weak, and all too few:

Onely this comfort we have by the By;
More Sweetneſs cannot live, and Goodneſs Dye:
Nor ſhall the World again, in any one
Lament the Loſs of more Perfection.

She and her Spouſe, in Life, chang'd mutual flames,
Death ſhould have chang'd her & her Mothers names:
For had her Name been *Lucy*, 't had been right,
Lucy the ſhorteſt Day, and longeſt Night.

See what terreſtriall Conſtellations are!
A Blazing now, and then a Falling ſtarr!
But Stars that ſet muſt riſe again: for ſhe
Sleepes but to wake during Eternity.

Subſcripſit

Jo. Joynes.

Fecit Triſtitia Verſum.

TO

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL Sir *JAMES LANGHAM*,

Upon the DEATH of his most Vertuous, and Matchless *LADY*,

The *RIGHT HONOURABLE* The LADY ELISABETH.

WHat clammy Stygian Fog! What Chaos hurl'd
O're every Climat of this Little World!
Dark Soul!--Benighted thus!--Not one faint Ray
From the Bright Orb of Light, to let in Day!
All Hung with Blacks!--No *Phœbus* to inspire
A Lab'ring Phant'sy, with Po etick Fire!
Light up the Virgin-Tapers;--Let me see,
By those pale Flames, to write an Elegy.
"('Tis much to see how in a Tragick Part,
"A wounded Eye will make a Bleeding Heart!)
There lies the Noble Corps;-Stand nigh the Hearse,
And (spight of all the Muses) Mourn a Verse.
What though their Springs be Frozen!-Grief shall be
An Over-flowing Hippocrene to Me.
I'le Bathe in Tears;-And still fetch New Supplies
Of Sorrow, from the Torrents of my Eyes.

Shall Nobleſt Blood,-Shall Saint-like Piety,
Shall Humble Greatneſs,-Virgin-Modeſty;
Shall Un-Exampl'd Goodneſs, Wiſdome, Parts,
Shall Learned Skill in Languages, and Arts,
Shall Honour, Sweetneſs, Meekneſs, Beauty, Youth,
Shall Spot-leſs Innocence, --and Naked Truth,
Shall Pure Devotion, --Shall Seraphick Love,
(Scarce Underſtood --but by bleſt ſouls above)
Shall all the Vertues,--all the Graces lie
Enſhrin'd with this Great Lady! --And ſhall I
Be un-concern'd at this great Funeral!
First Self-Revenge, and Indignation ſhall
(In ſpight of Fate) make me Poetical.
I muſt not thus ungrateful be (Dear Sir)
Though, all I write, but ſerves to leſſen Hir.
And (might I plead excuſe for ſuch Neglect)
'Tis: ---Her Sublimity, and my Defect.
My weak-nerv'd Eyes will not confront the Sun;
Nor Leaden Heels his rapid courſe out-run;
I ne're could ſtride the Ocean with a Span,
Nor, --with my ſinews cramp *Leviathan*:
No more is't poſſible for Human Praiſe,
On That exalted Head, to plant the Bayes.
This --is a Task for Angels, --and the Quire
Of Eſſences, compos'd of Light and Fire.
The great admir'd *Apelles* ne're could think
To paint the Glaring Noon-day Sun with Ink.
But, --May not This Bright Sun reflected be,
By Muddy ſhallow pudles, to the Eye?
'Tis true indeed; --And ſuch is That Reflex,
From us, on This Great *Mirrour* of her Sex:
Grand-Childe of Kings, ---Branch of the Royal Stem,
And --- Orient Sparkle of the Diadem!

Great

Great *Huntingdons* Faire Daughter, faire as Light,
With all resplendent Beauties shining-bright,
Daz'ling, with Beams of Glory, Human sight!
'Tis She,--Bright off-spring of Great *Lucia*,
That scatter's Darkness, --and restores the Day,
Where She appear's; --- Nor can our Hemi-sphere
Boast of a more refulgent Fœmal Peer:
'Tis She,--The Deerest Consort (late) and Life
To Him, the best deserving *Such* a Wife,
The Noble *Langham*, --Whose Magnetique Soul
Trembles --and Hovers toward the Starry Pole,
Where Shee's on high ascended, --Nor can be
Yet pacify'd, ---without Her Companie:
'Tis She, --the Great *Eliza*, ---*Hastings* nam'd,
Yet-more for Goodness, than for Greatness Fam'd:
'Tis She my Verse should Treat of --But in vain,
I see, it is, to row against the Main;
And therefore here, --Draw or'e a Veil I must
Of Sable Silence, --and Weep o're Her Dust.

Hæc serio, quamvis sero, Et Madenti adhuc Lachrymis Genas, Conquestus est Utriusq; tum Nobilissimæ Hastingiorum, *tum Amplissimæ* Langhamiorum *Familiæ.*

Cultor Devotissimus

Ferd. Archer.

Upon

Upon the

Much deplored DEATH

Of the

TRULY RELIGIOUS

And

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Lady

ELISABETH LANGHAM.

Epicedium intempestivè mæstum.

THough Fun'ral Rites be done, The Sermon past;
The Corps interr'd, the blessed Soul at rest:
Cancel not Homage, though it speak so late;
This Subjects-worth, ne're speaks it out of date.
Nor can plain Dialect implead that Verse,
Inflam'd with Rhetorick, from such an Hearse;
Speak to the height of worth, and when we can
Expresse no more, Her Name's the *Vatican*:
But more pure Lines, and Lectures, here do lie
Urn'd in this Ectype of Divinitie,
Than Volumes now can teach, or mortals find,
Wait 'till you come to Heaven, then read her mind.
Transcribe we may, the Jewels Casque a little,
But to the Pearl it self, bequeath no Tittle; (crowns
Our muddy thoughts, would wrong what grace now
And work, instead of *Plaudits*, shameful frowns.
Look not upon Seraphick-Spirit in Throne,
'Till tears be quite dissolved, Then look on,
Which will not be (I think) 'till that time come,
That man needs write no *Epicedium*.

Though

Though at this ſacred Shrine, ſome pious pay
Of Tears devoted to that ſolemn day
Have offered been, and ſome ſpent all their ſtore;
Yet, Time have had ſince then to gather more,
Stock their Eie-veſſels, in each Channel'd Vein
With drops in Zeal, to weep her o're again.
And muſt that ſtand for all? No, when that's gone
To Ages; ſay, the mourning's but begun;
When the ſalt-ſprings of Nat'ral tears are dry'd
Up; And (in courſe) the mourning's laid aſide;
(Which (as to Fate) hath ſeldom been from hence,
'S if Heav'n had fix'd Blacks for Inheritance.)
Deſpair not of an Artful Train, whoſe Hearts,
In ſable-ſadneſſe, will lament their Parts;
And if that fail, the Rural ſort will ſing
Their doleful Anthems to this gratious Thing.
If any Bankrupt be, of Grace, and ſorrow,
Make bold (of thoſe who are full ſtockt) to borrow;
Trade in ſome tears and ſighs; here ſuch worth lies,
To which thou ow'ſt the tribute of thine eies,
That when thy ſelf art dead, there may remain
Some, that for this, will pay thee tears again.
Let's not delay the time, where have ye laid
This pretious Piece? Is this the vaulted ſhade
Famous for what it holds? This is that Tomb,
Whoſe ev'ry ſingle duſt in its cold Womb,
Speaks louder worth, and is of value more,
Than Mines of Potaſie, and *Ganges* ſhore:
Far Richer, is this Odour, than had all
The Eaſtern Gardens ſpic'd Her Funeral;
And to the conſecrated ground, we'l add
This, that her body here lies buried.
Light up a Torch, whoſe beams may blaze as far,
(As doth the portent or ſtrange bearded-ſtar)

To ſummon ev'ry Eie to come and ſee
How Heav'n hath acted us, to Tragedie.
But ſtay a while, until your thoughts can bring
Conſigned goodneſſe for an offering;
Firſt read this Table, then unlock your eies,
And drop your ſpirits into Elegies;
So vaſt, ſo good, ſo fair, ſo full a Theam,
Calls for a Cherubs quill, or *Phœbus* beam.

Tabella incondite ſculpta.

Draw not too nigh, leaſt you offend thoſe Laws,
Wherewith this Sepulcher affection awes;
Dread to moleſt that ſacred Ghoſt, whoſe ſoul
Abjur'd the very name of Vain and Foul.
What rude attempter ever durſt advance
Her preſence, without check of countenance?
The ſlieſt ſtratagem, that Vice could plot,
Felt the ſtrong working of her Antidote.
If in diſcourſe, the leaſt miſtruſt did lie,
She ſtopt the riſe with quick antilogie.
Vertue ſtood ſentinel, at ev'ry ſenſe,
Repulſt aſſaults with Divine influence.
They who did read her Phiſnomy aright,
Could not but read true Honours Margarite.
Devote in Cloſet, yet in Chamber free
To ſweet Converſe; Low in her high'ſt degree:
Nothing indeed in her extract did ſhine,
But what was truly noble and Divine.
To run all Graces o're in ſhort tranſact,
Were, but t'epitomize, her fuller act;
To ſpeak them one by one, were but in vain,
The project of whoſe ſoul's the Counterpain.
She was the Cittadel, and center'd all
That we can either Good, or Gracious call.

Nature,

Nature, Art, Grace conteſting; gently ſtriv'd
Which of them had her more embeliſhed;
At length admiring all, they ceaſe the ſtrift
For her, in whom all had their equal thrift.
This threefold Fabrick, ſo compos'd in one,
Man could not judge which had Dominion;
The laſt, was that indeed, which ſeem'd to ſway,
And Crown her morals, to her dying day.
Clotilda's dead, and ſo's *Eudoxia*,
Mariamne likewiſe, and *Pulcheria*,
Choice Ladies in their daies: without offence,
(And fawning laid aſide) here lies the ſence,
And meaning of them all; In finer mint
By how much more, there's truth of Vertue in't.
Mirrour of Ladies, Virgin, Wife, and Child,
For ev'ry ſtage ſo congruouſly compil'd;
'Twas hard to tell, which was her nobler part,
She acted all with ſuch prudential Art.
Flattery ſhe hated, as that baſe reſult,
Of worthleſſe ſpirits; truth was her grand conſult.
(If Prieſt and People, do not flatter ſome,
Firſt falls a frown, then next their day of doom)
What, ſome the Creſt, ſhe counted Peſt of honour,
They muſt ſpeak truth, that any thing ſpake on her:
Her beauty was her own; Nor needed more,
Her amorous dreſſings, were for inward ſtore.
She left the gaudy Plumes and Paints, for thoſe
Decoy's, that have no other worth than clothes
And face, like Pageants to be ſeen and ſhown,
With thoſe oft borrowed trappings, not their own.
Let others trim their out-ſides, ſhe made ſure
To poliſh that, which Heav'n was to immure.
As ſhe thus liv'd, ſo thus ſhe left her breath,
Making her dying life, her living death.

Tabellæ Cataſtrophe ſive Corollarium Elegiacum.

Ask ye, why ſo ſmall Grace i'th' world is found?
'Tis becauſe ſo much Grace is here intomb'd;
Surely ſhe ſcarce had Peer, (nor ſcarce will have)
But thoſe who went before her to the Grave.
'Twas ſhe made up the ſacred number ſeven;
All Saints on earth together, now Saints in Heav'n.
What more contributes Glory upon earth
Than t' nurſe a Conſtellation every birth?
And what more calms the ſpirit, when paſſions high
Than ſignals, which make good this Charity. (dead,
Wrong not my Faith; their honour'd Lord, though
Lives t' wear this ſeven-ſtar'd Coronet on his head.
Well, ſince to Heav'n, they all have made ſuch haſt,
Let the reſt longer ſtay, but go at laſt
Where Hierarchies, will welcome them, with more
Joy, than with grief, we can their loſſe deplore.

Epitaphium ſuccinctè digeſtum.

Tears are the common pledge, then to this fall
Bring tears of mirrhe and balm, or none at all.
Acquit the debt we cannot, for here lies
That which we loſt, but what we cannot prize.
Diſburſe what ſtore we can, the more we may
And pay that o're again, we paid to day;
Depoſite to the utmoſt drop, yet ſtill
There's more behind, for what's invalu'ble:
A richer Piece on earth, could we not find,
Were it the penſil could pourtray the mind.
But ſince with that, our eies can't here be bleſt,
We'l draw the curtain; leave her to her reſt.

Sic ex animo defleuit.

Jo. Roſſe.

To

TO THE SACRED

And Spotleſs

MEMORY

OF THAT

RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY,

THE LADY

ELISABETH LANGHAM

DECEASED.

POets, and Prieſts were anciently ally'd
So neere in blood, that one, ſame name did hide,
Or rather ſignifie both Functions; and
They ſtill (like brethren) ſolemn mourners ſtand
Here at this Noble Herſe (th' imbalming's ſweeter
That's made of *Preachers Proſe*, and *Poets Meeter*)
Not for to add, but onely to proclame
The Odor of her Vertues, and her Name;
Which, now her earthen Caſe, or Box is broken,
(Like the *Nard Piſtick* in the Goſpell ſpoken)

Fills

Fills not ſome private Room with fragrant ſmell,
But ſweetens, and delighteth all that dwell
Within the Circuit of thoſe neighb'ring places,
That bleſt were with the perfume of her Graces:
Who was as Good as Great, as Chaſt as Wiſe,
Borne this debauched age for to chaſtiſe
By her example; to teach Wives t'amend,
And know their Husbands only for their friend;
She bad our wanton Madams all, avant,
With Paint, and Patches, and their high Ga-lant;
Bad them, for ſhame of Womanhood, forbear
Thus to outface chaſte Vertue, and take care
They ſhame not both the Pulpit, and the Stage
To touch upon the ryots of this Age,
Acting ſuch horrid crimes, even at high noon,
As none dare touch with Tongs,--but foul Lampoon.
But when ſhe ſaw theſe ſulph'rous flames encreaſe
In ſpight of Med'cins, neither quench nor ceaſe;
Loathing this black *Seraglio, up ſhe high's [*Stye of
Into the Snowy *Nunn'ry of the Sky's, [luſt.
Carry'd in fiery Char'ot ſitt's her mind, [*Sanctuary
('Tis but her Mantle we have left behind) [of vertue.
Where the great King of Vertues doth her grace,
And thus beſpeaks her in that bleſſed place ---
In *Caſſiopeia*'s Chaire, come, ſit thee down, [Reſt.
And on thy head weare *Ariadnes* Crowne. [Glory.
There with ſweet peace, and joys Cœleſtiall
Feaſt, bleſſed Soul; the Guerdon due to all
Pure Hearts, that ſcorned to obey the ſenſe,
Like Vaſſalls to that Beaſt Concupiſcence:
For they, whoſe Spirits here did not incline
To ſerve the Fleſh like Bruits, are now Divine.

S. Bold.

Upon

Upon the Death of the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The LADY

ELISABETH LANGHAM.

THe joy of Angels, whom the World beheld
Like to a blazeing Pattern that exceld
In ſhineing Vertues, and in Graces pure,
Adorn'd with Modeſty, that would endure
The touchſtone, and the teſt of heavenly fire:
So dear, that Saints did her ſweet ſoul admire.

Even ſhe whoſe amiable Sanctity
And chaſteſt Amiableneſs did vie
And far out-vie the vertuous Preſidents
Of ancient and of modern Matrons, Lent
A luſtre of moſt glorious Piety
With faith and patience joyn'd in amity.

Even ſhe whoſe life a perfect coppy wrote
Of Righteouſneſs cloath'd with an holy coate:
Whoſe ſtedfaſt faith and patience did conſpire
By wiſdome, holy zeal to ſet on fire:
Who never thought her time was better ſpent,
Then in his ſervice, who her life had lent.

Even ſhe whoſe lovely Glances did enthrall
Her Dcareſt's phancy, and engaged all
Her to admire; and bleſs his happy Fate
Within whoſe armes ſuch peereleſs beauties ſate.
She lov'd her God, in him her Husband ſhe
Lov'd with a pure and holy chaſtitie.

Even

Even ſhe (who while below, did live above)
Is gone to dwell with Chriſt, the God of Love.
Her earthly Husband ſhe hath left below,
Her Husband-Maker now doth her beſtow.
The world hath loſt a Coppy, he a Wife,
Whoſe vertues cloath'd his Love with heavenly life.
Sure happy ſhe. Then let true love aſpire
To bear that loſs that perfects her deſire;
'Twas here to ſerve her God in holy Love:
In Glory then, to reign with him above.
Long was ſhe preſſing, now the Marke hath hit,
Preſs to the ſame, You may enjoy her yet:
If not after a carnal manner, yet
With holy habits you your ſelf may fit
In time with her in heavenly place to ſit.
Have care no diſcontent your entrance let.
Though looſers, as we pray, yet ſay we muſt,
Thy Will be done, though our Joy lies in duſt.
This Lady, and her high borne thoughts are flow'n
Unto her heavenly kindred, doth them owne.
Whoſe teeming womb ſhew'd ſhe was loth to mount
To her great God upon a ſingl' account.
Her noble birth you counted honour here,
Out of Your bed two ſoules are honour'd there.
Your loſs tis by her gaines quite weighed down,
You want her preſence, ſhe hath gain'd a Crown:
A Crown of endleſs Glory. Let that cheare
Your drooping ſpirits. Seek to meet her there.
Let her advancement be to you a pawne,
That in her happineſs your hopes do dawn.
Let Patience have her perfect work, ſo we
Entire and perfect, lacking nought ſhall be.

Impatience

Impatience may provoke, it cannot gaine
Grief-healing Med'cines, but increaſeth pain.
Increaſe in love to God, who doth aſſure
That all ſhall work for good, that work endure.

Theſe Meditations, and the like, I here
Do to your ſoul commend, with filial fear,
Leaſt you ſhould him provoke, whoſe Goodneſs lent
The light of her moſt holy Preſident,
To guide your ſteps into the pathes of bliſs;
March in thoſe pathes of joyes, You cannot miſs.

S. Newton.

Upon the much Lamented DEATH
of the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The
LADY
ELISABETH LANGHAM
Lately Deceaſed.

FArewell Conglobate Vertue, You are gone,
To be ſome Glorious Conſtellation.
One Star is but a taper to your light,
A Glowe-worm, when your Virtues come in ſight.
Had *Plato* ſeen you, ripe, his wiſh had grown,
And virtue viſible, he might have ſhown.

Your

Your Souls ſymmetry had old Poets known,
Th' had chang'd their trine of Graces into one.
Now *Archimedes* ſpheare ſhall uſeleſs grow,
Your acts the heavenly motions better ſhow,
What Honour all men give to vertues ſhrine,
To beſt examples, we will give to thine.
Since you are Virtues ſtandard, we will be
Procruſtes like, without his tyranny,
By yours, like to his bed, we meaſure ſhall,
Our Actions er'e we them do virtue call.

Alex. Jones.

In Obitum Nobiliſſimæ Dominæ, Dominæ *ELISABETHÆ* LANGHAM.

AVdiat Utopiæ rudis incola, cujus ad aures
Nondum pervenit nobilis hiſtoria
Tam celebris Dominæ l reputetur anonymus iſte
Qui tantum nomen neſciat, aut taceat.
Conarer fruſtrà meritas tibi dicere laudes,
Maxima, quum nequeunt id ſatis, ingenia.
Defunctæ tenuis calamus ne detrahat, ejus
Vita nil potuit pulchrius exprimere.
Cælebs dum manſit, cunctis virtute præivit
Uxorem nullam, novimus eſſe parem.
In terris cœlo chariſsima vixit, & inter
Æthereos proceres jam tenet aureolam.
Annos exceſsit pietas, tamen altius urgens,
In cœlis tandem purior emicuit.
Quare ne doleat conjux, hanc eſſe beatam,
Sed quod nulla, ſibi quæ foret æqua, manet.

John Davis.

FINIS.